

THAT "ALTERNATIVE OR MARGINAL" MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM

DISCORDER

JANCEMBER '99/00
FREE



SO - IS IT
THE FUTURE
YET ?



LINTON <WES> JOHNSON CHUCK D SUPER FURRY
ANIMALS MILLENNIUM PROJECT FOT FOT FEAT
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE SNAPCASE

KEEP WARM WEAR HEADPHONES



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Midnite Vultures



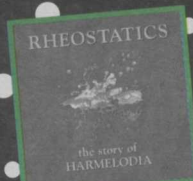
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Cover

I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING IN THIS ISSUE TO MAKE REFERENCE TO OUR ARBITRARY DATING SYSTEM'S IMMINENT TURNOVER, BUT THE CONTRIBUTORS ARE THE BOSS OF ME SO WHAT CAN I DO. NEVERTHELESS, I LOVE THIS COVER BY LOCAL STAY AS YOU ARE CREATOR BRAD YUNG. DESIGN BY ROB HORSMAN.

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THE STORY SO FAR...

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Dear Airhead

#233-6138 SUB BLVD, VANCOUVER, BC, V6T 1Z1

Dear Airhead: In your November '99 issue, you printed a review by Gibby Peach of Agnostic Front's *Riot, Riot Upstart*. Who is this clown? And why do you give him/her space to write in your publication? Mr./Ms. Peach begins by labelling Agnostic Front as "posers" and then suggests they are "characteristic of the [Epitaph] disease that has ravaged the punk/hardcore community for too long." Nevermind that Agnostic Front predates the Epitaph label, and has been paving the way for NYC hardcore bands like Sick Of It All and Gorilla Biscuits since 1982, we're supposed to give a shit if they spell "mothafucka" with an O or with a U. I'm sure Mr./Ms. Peach is an authority on spelling "mothafucka" because he/she grew up in the mean streets of the ghetto. Choices are pretty good that Mr./Ms. Peach is a privileged, white, piece of shit college kid who hides behind a flowery pen name and big words in order to compensate for low self-esteem and a lack of social standing. How else do you explain his pretentious ranting? Do you think that Mr./Ms. Peach

would tell Agnostic Front [big, tattooed ex-cons, by the way], Roncino, and Epitaph to fuck off in person? Probably not. And he/she says that "punk is dead" and "hardcore is on its way out." Again, who the fuck are you? Those pronouncements might be meaningful coming from someone like Iggy Pop or Joe Keithley, but from DISORDER bozo Gibby Peach? Give me a break. The likely truth is that Agnostic Front were playing solid hardcore when little Gibby was pooping his/her pants and listening to Sharon, Lois, and Bram. Admittedly, like any other band, Agnostic Front puts out a mediocre album from time to time. But stating that they are an embarrassment to hardcore is like stating that John Coltrane is a jazz pretender. Now, I understand that a CD review represents an opinion. But when the review goes too far as to insult individuals and a whole label and then declares from on high that two entire music genres are as dead as Elvis, well, that's a little much. So, DISORDER staff, do yourselves a favour and relegate Gibby Peach to the status of

office go-fer if only for the sake of your publication's credibility. And Gibby — get a life, schmuck! Punk will outlive your sorry ass.

Yours truly,
Jim Fraser

Gibby Peach responds: I want to thank you [from the deepest recesses of my soul, I assure you] for the pick-me-up. I thought, upon first glance, that you might be serious. It wasn't until the part about Joe "king of the acoustic guitar" Keithley [proud Ford Windstar owner] and Agnostic Front's pop [great new album; MJ ain't got nothing on the laggster] that I knew you were just joshin' me. Meaningful pronouncements about the punk rock scene coming from them would be like the Rolling Stones commenting on the state of rock 'n' roll. Your letter had me giggling like a pubescent cheerleader. Keep up the good work!

See you at Warped Tour Y2K, Gibby Peach (privileged, white, excollege kid)



Palinkas Eats



BY BILL K

MAJOR CHUTNEYS 3432 Cambie St.

Have you ever been riding the bus, totally lost in thought, staring blindly at the neck of the person sitting ahead of you? I found that I was in such a situation when considering what I would be writing for this month's review. Usually these bus thoughts follow a forking path, leading to a conclusion that has little relevance. At best, these thoughts end up sounding half-baked, and when I share them with others the looks I get are akin to the ones I reserve for late night drunken philosophers or my parents (which sometimes are one and the same). All I ask is for your patience while I try to make a point, which hopefully I will do.

I have always known that the act of eating out at a restaurant is one that is based on certain values and privilege created in a class society. Growing up in a family with relatively little disposable income, I know that being able to eat out is based on the ability to pay. This seems obvious. Also, the decadent act of paying someone else to prepare your food is a sign of your class position, or your desire to attain or emulate one, and in many cases this is the closest we will come to having a servant. I firmly believe this is one of the strongest motivations for people to dine out. Not only that, the restaurants that you choose may also reflect certain attitudes associated with the broader society. I am thinking in particular about "ethnic" restaurants.

I am sure that at some point we have all said something to the effect of "that isn't real Indian food" or "they don't really eat like that in China." Well,

in truth it probably isn't and they probably don't. Many restaurants that we consider "ethnic" (assuming that hamburgers are devoid of an ethnic component), serve the "traditional" food from countries that are generally among the poorest in the world. That aside, what is "real" ethnic food anyway? As I am sure any student of the social sciences would tell you, the idea of an authentic experience with the "other" is one that has been seriously called into question. If we are willing to admit that cultures change and contain many differences, then it is therefore impossible to speak of an authentic Thai, Indian, or Mexican. To expect some kind of generic or authentic Thai, Indian or Mexican would amount to nothing more than racism. Why then do we expect an authentic Thai dinner? Thinking a Thai dinner to be authentic is like going to one of those tourist's Lucus in Hawaii, thinking "this is what it is like to be Hawaiian."

Thanks to early colonialists bringing back the stories and spices of far off lands, we have developed cultured palates. To go out for Japanese sushi or Indian curry is a sign of a cosmopolitan urban dweller. To "go for Indian" and encounter different cultures by eating authentic ethnic cuisine can be taken to show a certain level of cultural breeding. We are able to show off our standing by thinking about Indian-ness being contained in a bowl on our table.

All this come from thinking about what I would say about Major Chutneys. Major Chutneys is not what you think of when you think about a typical Indian restaurant. There are

no saris, no accents or music, and not even any Indians eating there. Apart from the wonderful smell of the kitchen, Major Chutneys could be any other "non-ethnic" restaurant in the city. The rice even had a sprig of parsley on it. As vague as this sounds, I thought it had a real "West Coast" feel to it (whatever the hell that is). I ordered a chicken curry. You can tell that they use quality ingredients because the entire meal was quite simply awesome. The chicken itself was sliced better than meat that my mom couldn't cook any better. The curry was spicy, but not to the point where the flavour suffered. As far as the rice went, it made me jealous that I never have and never will be able to make rice like that. A great meal. On the down side though, I really wanted a glass of wine, but Major Chutneys is not licensed. The bill for dinner for two was just over \$25, not too bad. I can't believe that I used to live four blocks away and have never been to Major Chutneys before.

I think that Major Chutneys serves quality Indian-style dishes without resorting to selling itself as an "Indian restaurant." Major Chutneys shows how a restaurant can specialize in a certain style of cuisine while still making it its own at the same time. In so doing, it gets away from "tourists" coming to see how the "Indians" eat. One footnote to add: I have overlooked the fact that there are Indians that I am sure would want to go to what I, so self-righteously, called "an Indian restaurant." Have I been a little short-sighted? More than likely.



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PANCHO & SAL

Urban Folk Music

DISCORD: Who are you?

Pancho and Sal Hi, we are Pancho and Sal. Pancho is 51, plays charango, guitar, flutes, drums, piano, a little of everything! Sal, 37, plays guitar, lots of hand percussion and vocals.

Sal, please tell the readers how you and Pancho became "Pancho and Sal," musical duo bueno.

I became Pancho's partner 15 years ago when we met in Cuzco, Peru. It was love at first sight and since then we have been making music, children and a life together. Pancho played his guitar and song, and I began to join in with him, learning the songs.

On a recent bio for Pancho and Sal, it was written that "love" and "life values" play a large part in your music. Tell us how these things influence and/or manifest themselves in your work.

Love is very important to everyone. That's why we concentrate on all the positive aspects that love gives us when we write songs. Having played all over the world, how, if at all, does

playing shows in North America differ from those played elsewhere (especially in your native South America)?

With a message of love and peace, music goes everywhere and audiences around the world have welcomed us. It doesn't matter where we play, if the public is receptive, they give us energy and make us feel good. When we play in South America, of course, there is no need for translations.

You've also mentioned that you enjoy playing your shows with other musicians joining in. Undoubtedly, this adds individual flavour to each separate performance. Have there been any strange experiences of this nature?

We truly enjoy playing our shows with other musicians and we are famous for inviting them from the last band to join us or even invite someone from the audience. Our music is simple which makes it easy to jam with us. It's very magic when someone gets up and plays with you like you've played together for years. So far, only good experiences.

How many instruments (including percussion) do you traditionally take with you?

Usually we take the guitar, the charango (a 10-string little guitar), lots of shakers, chas chas (a percussion instrument), and the Bombo, a South American drum, harmonicas and flutes.

As far as your songs go, are they all Pancho and Sal originals? Do you ever play any South American standard or traditional numbers?

Most of our songs are originals, but we definitely have our traditional and international favourites. After travelling around the world, we have songs from many countries. It's amazing how the crowd reacts when they hear a familiar song and can sing along. A couple of Spanish traditional numbers that we do are "La Bomba" and "Guantanamera," also "Jamaica Farewell" and others in English, some French and Swedish. It is always lots of fun to sing these songs.

Have you ever recorded any of your original music?

In 1995, we took a serious decision to make some recordings and completed a "demo" CD called *Vivire!*. We learned so much about the industry and how it works. Our first full-length CD, which we are very proud of, is called: *Quando Salga la Luna* ("When the Moon Comes Up"), that has just been released a few weeks ago. So this is another historical moment in our lives.

Collection, 1996) A tasty slice of Vancouver's scene in the mid-90s, this compilation includes **Tonebursts**, **The Electrosonics**, **Readymade**, **Gleam**, **Squeaky** and **Speedbunny**.

Various — Dominic Radio (Transiberian, 1999) An astonishing accomplishment: more than 50 tracks on two CDs that are won't repeated listens straight through. Includes **The Beans**, **Citroen**, **The Empties**, and **July 4th Toilet**.

Reissues/Revivals: *Forget The Beatles Anthology*. I was delighted when **The Dishrags' Love/Hate** (Other People's House, 1999) came out in 1997, loaded with previously unobtainable nuggets of first generation pop-punk, played by clever, petulant teenagers girls back in the late '70s/early '80s. **The United Empire Loyalists** released their own CD of old-school psychedelia in 1998, mostly recorded in the 1960s. But it was Zulu Records who dominated the field, putting out the amazing *Last Call* two-CD set back in 1991 (including entries from mostly forgotten local heroes like **The Furies**, **Active Dog**, **Family Plot**, and **Cannon**).

Heath Down, as well as early treasures from **DOA**, **NoMeansNo**, **No Fun** and **Art Bergmann**. In '93, Zulu followed up with CDs from three big names of the past: the **Modernettes**, **Young**

Canadians (formerly **K-Tels**), and **Painted Sticks**. Hint to would-be producers: there's definitely more room in this field — lots of vinyl treasures from the

Where do you go from here?

Our dream, like so many other people have, is just to get one song going around the world. In the meantime, we continue to record music, write songs and try to keep up with the daily needs! **Anything else to add?**

Thanks for inviting us for this interview.

Discography:

Quando Salga la Luna ("When the Moon Comes Up") CD (1999)

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Vancouver, BC

V5N 4M6

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E-mail: pancho_and_sal@latinmail.com

Web: www.geocities.com/FashionAvenue/7174/



'80s are worth rediscovering.

For some reason, the best demos are the ones that are recorded the worst. They only send a tape, no promotional stuff, and they probably spend less than five bucks on the whole thing, including postage. They just record themselves at home, no CD burning, no mixing, nothing fancy, and the result is so honest and unassuming that it makes me want to cry. **ESTHER LEPAENAUE'S** demo is one of these kinds. She plays piano and a badly tuned acoustic guitar while her pretty voice struggles to be louder than the tape hiss. She's **Barbara Manning** esque. Thanks Ester, for stopping me from dumping all the demos out onto a busy street. [email: laproject@hotmail.com - 3471 17th Ave., Victoria, BC, V8X 1V8]

GLENN SCOTT, Glenn Scott... who the hell is he? I feel like I should know. There's something very familiar about him. I can't place it. His songs sound like he's just discovering electronic music and still doesn't know how to use the equipment. The recording is so boss heavy, I feel like I've gone dead and I can only feel the music's pulse. Scott keeps talking about the future, but is the future really 1983? (Box 204-334E, 5th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5T 1H4)

I'll never understand things geared toward children. Really, they're not thinking about the kids, they're trying to convince parents (with all the money) that the kids will like it. The **BLUES BERRIES** are supposed to be a kid's band. I think that means a

lot of major chords and rhyming lyrics. They're also trying to make you want to dance. Think of those festivals where random kids are jumping up and down like maniacs. The **Blues Berris** mix swing, country, blues and guitar solos. They sound really Canadian. [Barry Bergkvist, phone: 604.816.2684]

I was hoping for some punk rock from **JETWICK**. There's a picture of a bomb on the cover of their tape. But no, just your standard indie rock band. The singing alternates between a girl and a guy, both of whom attempt to add a weird wailing to their guitar strum they all use. Then in other songs, they try to suppress the urge to stomp that rhythm, even though they really, really want to play it. I'm not being hard. Jetwick is not bad. They're not great. They have somewhere in the middle. (1395 Evelyn St., North Vancouver, BC, V6K 1L6)

If you're really interesting, I'd like to just listen to you talk. I get to the point where 99% of music sickness me, and it's nice when I get the occasional wardrobe tape. **HUGH PHUKOVSKY'S** musings are funny, and his voice is neither dominating nor wimpy. He sounds like a normal guy. You might want to get a copy of this tape just so you can hear "A Love Note For Marcey." Phukovsky even takes the time to explain the piece. He writes, "just because the ideas of white heterosexual males monopolize the industrialized world does not mean that I am being represented." Complaints? Just make sure you spell everything right. (P.O. Box 33-345E, Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 1M5) •

Vancouver Special

BY JANIS MCKENZIE & CHRISTA MIN



Well, this is the last Vancouver Special of the 1990s, and it seems appropriate to look back over the local independent CDs that have come my way over the course of the decade. Ten years ago, in this very space, I had the opportunity to do the same for local demo tapes from the **Hip Tite**, **Lost Durango**, **Big Guns**, or **The Little Ratskulls**, and luckily resisted the temptation to make predictions. Never mind the idea of downloading music from the Web — who would have even guessed that **Alanis Morissette**, or new country, would be huge? And what about that punk rock thing — was it really supposed to last forever? Speculating has its pleasures, but I'd much rather rummage through the heaps of shiny discs I've gathered since taking on this job in '96, and the smaller stacks of treasures from earlier in the decade. It can be a little disheartening, being reminded of all the great bands that broke up, and the great CDs that almost no one heard, but I find pulling out the gems to be a refreshing antidote to the overwhelming shittiness of commercial radio. Here are some of my favourites, in no particular order:

Jungle — *It's So Fuck'n Great to Be Alive* (Porcelain God, 1997) So loud, so exuberant, such unapologetically 1970s-style fun!

Daytana — *Chicane* (Zulu, 1994) Audacious, swirly, catchy, and totally obsessed with British motorcycles. They should have been huge.

Oh Susanna — *Oh Susanna* (Stella, 1997) Another audacious debut, this one was an immense surprise: a slender young thing who seems to have a direct line to the ghosts of the South's tragic balladeers.

club — *Beth-Cole* (Mint, 1993) All the albums are great, but this is the one with the Dan DeCarlo cover, all the earliest hits, and the original lineup. club will live forever!

Space Kid — *Cereal* (Humongous, 1996) I'm surprised I still own this one, since so many people have borrowed it from me. "Work it for the 1970s/80s pop culture references alone, but a wonderful listen too."

Ralph — *Coffee, Jazz, Poetry* (Bongo Beat, 1997) Everyone talks about cool Beat-era style, but only Ralph (a truly multitalented guy) is actually doing something out it.

Maow — *The Unforgiving Sounds of...* (Mint, 1996) Their

lake-fr bikini caused a scandal and this cheery/snoopy CD rocks. My only complaint: where are "Boy Groupies" and "Kill Kill Kill!"

Neko Case — *Neko Case and Her Boyfriends* (Mint, 1997) Drummer for Maow, sultry old-style country singer, apparently this can do anything.

Saddlesore — *A Fattail of Hollers* (Empyre, 1997) Yes, a giddy pack-on-with a hell of a gimmick and tie-die for costumes. Play the bands who went up against them on that MTV contest series!

Bossanova — *Bossanova* (Independent, 1997) If you can find it, this organ-drenched 5-song EP will make you happy. Have a hot drink and enjoy.

Cool — *OneTrackMind* (Independent, 1998) Buy this one or their early Zulu release for exclusively lush, restrained, and sexy torch and twang.

Blinki — *Acid Mudd* (Vivo, 1999) We'll have to jump up and down and sing along with this one. Intelligent, catchy, and loud.

Surfdrifters — *Raincoat Rumble* (Fireball, 1995) Every one likes surf music, and here it is with a Northwest twist.

Various — *Tidleywinks* (Chester's Funtime Record

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Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN



This was possibly the hardest column I've ever had to write. Big deal, right? Well, YOU try to come up with your favourite comics of all time. I also want you to remember that these are MY favourites and will be subject to change within 24 hours.

PREACHER by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon (DC Vertigo)

A series that spawned 66 issues [yes, it's intentional and there are only 9 issues left] and never lost steam. Dillon's art is functional but distinctive and develops a familiarity needed for you to care for 66 issues about a small group of characters. It's Ennis' writing that grabs you and makes you wait apprehensively for the next issue. It's a western with a '90s feel, revolving around Jesse Custer, a former priest with a horifying past. He is infused with a power from heaven called Genesis which provides him with two things: the word of God, and the knowledge that God has bailed on humanity in general. [If it's not obvious, Kevin Smith was influenced by this comic.] His companions for his quest to find God and make him face up to his responsibilities are Tulp, an ex-girlfriend he's still mad in love with, and Cassidy, a vampire who once saved his life. The villains are too numerous to list, but are as interesting and varied as the main characters. And the story just doesn't quit. Not once does it stop pounding you, time and time again: from Herr Starr almost being eaten by redneck retards to Cassidy's heroin addiction, from Tulp's death and resurrection by God to the friendly serial killer they run into. I suggest you start reading it as, like

every other comic, it's in the process of being made into a movie. Besides, half the fun is waiting every month for the next excruciating issue.

THIRTEEN GOING ON EIGHTEEN by John Stanley (DELL)

A 29 issue series I just discovered thanks to Trina Robbins' book *From Girls to Grrrls*. With utterly stylish art and marvellous colours I couldn't say no. John Stanley used to draw for *Little Lulu*, so there is no lack of talent. Way more fun-loving and three-dimensional than Archie, Stanley's tales of Val and Judy remind me of how silly and dra-

likes and collapses in tears. "WAHHHHH! MY BEST FRIEND!" when all the while Judy's telling this guy how great Val is. Mistakes and wrong conclusions abound in every issue. I especially like the honesty. I don't know about you, but when I was 13, I was boy-crazy and full of romance. It's nice to read a comic that reminds me of that without it being too old.

HEARTBREAK SOUP by Gilbert Hernandez (Fantagraphics)

I came into *Love & Rockets* rather late for a self-proclaimed "indie kid." I had read *Music for Mechanics* [yes, I'm young! SoB] and wasn't too impressed. But

Heartbreak Soup, by the other Hernandez brother, is entralling. Starting with all the babies midwife Chelo has delivered, you're invited into Palomar, a small Mexican town. There is no action or adventure to grab you immediately, yet somehow you find yourself devouring each story. At times, the story can be a little confusing, as Hernandez tells the tales of everybody in the town, from the smallest kid to the dead. Just like any town, it's full of love and conflict.

Hernandez devotes time to various relationships and families, to the point where you know everyone and feel like you've known them all your life. You know how happy Liba feels when she can leave her life behind and dance for a little while. You know the

excitement newcomer Heraclio feels as he falls in love with Palomar. Another great thing is it changes time frames incessantly. Usually a muddling gimmick, but Hernandez works it to his advantage to the point where you can pick up the story from any issue and enter Palomar's world. Besides,

when you read a story like *Heartbreak Soup*, you don't want to know about the ending, you want to know about everything that happened in between. The art, of course, is beautiful and realistic.

Hernandez is a master at visually taking his time like a real storyteller. So read it. It's baffling in its majesty.

MAISON IKKOKU by Rumiko Takahashi (Viz)

My boyfriend got me into this comic. It's a funny, tortured, silly love comic, kinda like a Japanese *Three's Company*. It's about Kyoko, the lonely, prematurely widowed landlady of the boarding house Maison Ikkoku. She has two suitors: Godai, a shy student, and Mitaka, a tennis coach, whose advances towards Kyoko are consistently failed. There are also the other tenants, who always manage to interrupt and misconstrue everything and anything that happens. Not once did this 70 issue love affair lag, not once was it boring, and I never failed to smack my head and groan, "Oh Godai!! Just tell her already!" at the end of each issue. I have to warn you, though, there are only two issues left after the current one, and the last live have ended in tears.

CLASSIC STAR WARS by Archie Goodwin and Al Williamson (Dark Horse)

Three trade paperbacks compil-

ing three years of weekly newspaper strips. I picked the work done by Goodwin and Williamson because almost every *Star Wars* comic since then has been vile tripe, especially the new ones. *Classic Star Wars* got me more excited than the new movie. Taking place

of planets, creatures and Star Wars technology. My only complaint (and yes, this is nitpicky and silly) is that Williamson usually gets the image of Princess Leia bang on but, halfway through the series, she all of a sudden becomes this femme fatale with gobs of make-up, catly eyes and impossible cheekbones. Apart from that, I can't do the art justice with this brief description because, like Goodwin, Williamson is perfect for the job. The three books are in *Deadly Pursuit*, *The Rebel Storm* and *Escape to Hoth*. All three books are must-haves for all *Star Wars* lovers, not only for the art and writing, but also for the excitement of feeling like you're watching the next installment of the movie series.

between *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, the three books chronicle the tales of Luke, Leia, and Han Solo and their adventures. It's interesting because there is still that tension that existed after the first movie.

Goodwin is such a great writer that the comics are totally on par with the movies. Not to mention the fantastic art

Williamson stays true to the worlds George Lucas created, yet always remains inventive. He had to adapt the tedious and reiterating style of the weekly strip to book format, and he does it deftly. The art is utterly beautiful, and the page layouts add to the ambience of the chaotic space universe. He fills the panels with so much detail and colour, yet never too much to distract from the story line. With the density of every black brush stroke, he creates a darkness that is synonymous with the unexplored alien worlds they visit as well as showing a remarkable imagination by way

and half of my collection. [Come on, if I looked at my whole comic collection, I would've never gotten the column done.] *Stuff that made me really, really happy. Stuff that made me really, really sad. Stuff from all ages, for all ages. Stuff for boys and for girls. And stuff I had nothing bad to say about, but was so good I had no complaints. I know there are a ton of things I neglected to mention. But this is my list — for now, anyway. **



matic I was at 13. Like when Val sleepwalks and her new boyfriend sees her, she is, of course, absolutely mortified and wishes that the earth would open up and swallow her whole, on another occasion, Val sees her best friend Judy with a guy she



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7 DISORDER

Louder Than A Bomb



BY NAT X

Two months ago, the very scary right-wing group Genocide Awareness Project was invited to the UBC campus by certain pro-life students. The GAP uses images of the Holocaust, the Rwandan genocide, and racist lynchings to promote their reactionary agenda. GAP travels around North America intimidating public and private institutions into allowing them to set up their offensive displays, deliberately inciting reprisals, then using these confrontations to present themselves as helpless martyrs (while reaping a tidy profit from lawsuits levied against institutions for not providing "adequate security"). Their line of argument links women who have abortions with the perpetrators of these crimes as well as the genocidal massacre in Rwanda, and "ethnic cleansing" in the former Yugoslavia. What is more offensive than their practice of intimidation and coercion is their wholesale exploitation of the suffering of entire ethnic/national/religious groups as a marketing tool. Trivializing tragedy by exploiting these images to further an essentially unrelated political agenda (thinly disguised as a "fetus" rights platform) is not only unconscionable, it also betrays a fundamental lack of understanding or respect for the victims of these atrocities. Even were it sincere, their argument is based on an unsupportable premise: there is a global conspiracy of "pro-abortionist" women and nasty abortion doctors to massacre fetuses as

quickly and efficiently as possible for some unstated evil purpose. What their analogy fails to acknowledge is the fact that all of the genocidal acts to which they compare abortion were committed for political and material gain: Blacks have been tortured and killed to maintain white domination both during and after slavery; Nazis targeted and massacred Jews for political leverage; the Rwandan genocide was motivated by hunger for political power as were the conflicts in the former Yugoslavia. My point is that all of these crimes were committed to silence and establish absolute power over another group. Abortion, on the other hand, accomplishes no such feat. It is physically and emotionally traumatic, and I challenge GAP to demonstrate any way in which the "wholesale massacre" of fetuses serves to benefit women politically. What is really in question here is not fetus' rights; rather, it is women's rights. Does a woman have the right to control what happens to and in her body? The right to choose does not mean abortion as a "convenient" method of birth control nor enforced abortions; it simply means the right to decide for oneself whether or not to go through this difficult process. GAP and others like them would take away not only that choice but also the ability to voice opposition to their agenda. What GAP is truly focused on is power: the power to control others, to enforce one's agenda on a population, to silence dissent.

Fortunately, the Students for Choice group successfully lobbied the Alma Mater Society to impose strict conditions on the GAP to ensure that their actions caused the least amount of emotional and spiritual damage to students who did not wish to be subjected to their brand of hate-mongering. The rules were strict enough that GAP realised their cross sensationalist tactics had been neutralized and they decided not to come. However, at the end of November, a GAP display appeared suddenly under the main entrance to the Student Union Building. The whole fiasco was so infuriating that it compelled some activists from Students for Choice to physically tear down the offensive display. The students now not only face legal action and academic censure, but slander. AMS President Ryan Marshall reportedly said that these students were "no better than Nazis." The attitude Marshall demonstrates not only flies in the face of the AMS' official position on GAP, but also demonstrates the same crass attitude towards the victims of atrocities as GAP itself. Marshall's tacit support of GAP's hate-mongering is unacceptable: he owes Erin Kaiser and Students for Choice a public apology at the very least, and had he a conscience, he would issue a general apology and step down as President.

You can register your support for Students for Choice and your condemnation for Marshall's unacceptable behaviour via e-mail to <feedback@ubyssey.bc.ca>.



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9 DISCORDER

Video Philter



BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

The progressivist mantra, made possible by our friend Martin Luther and his delightful split from the backward medieval church with its priestly privileges and scant honours for the honest men of science, has been chanted with fervour throughout the past three centuries. All good North Americans know that it is our Protestant work ethic that has vaulted our continent — the one that used to be uninhabited — to the forefront of good living. In our technological Utopia, there has been no unhappiness, no sorrow, only cell phones and PCs for everybody! And now all we can talk about is how it's fucked. Why? For one, because this continent wasn't built by WASPs, only tenuously controlled by them. For two, because underneath, despite all our atheistic bravado, we're all painfully superstitious. And for three, because our secret gods are laziness and order. We all secretly want to be billionaires who live in a perfectly organised society and can spend all our time golfing or reading or drinking Manhattans or pogoing to the Beastie Boys at the Fabulous Commodore Ballroom.

Two thousand years ago a man born in "Ouch!" said his mother, "why couldn't I just have a baby like everyone else..." whose only recorded words speak of love, selflessness and harmony. 1967 years after his death, he's the inadvertent centre of a lot of talk about guns and tinned corned beef. Good Jesus and computers ever got together to tango through this flirtation with catastrophe is one of the strangest, funniest things that's ever happened in my life [she said only days before the unknown event and with great optimism]. When I was 11 years old and asked by my Grade 6 teacher to envision my life at the millennium, Y2K was not the fantastical future world I conjured up. Not yet old enough to enjoy a refreshing dip into paranoia, I thought maybe there would be flying cars. The fact that there aren't flying cars, that instead we have ugly, pre-molded clone-cars, is but one of the ways that the makers of science fiction films were so right about the future and I was so wrong.

Knowing that the millennial Video Philter was at hand, I turned my collar up and set out into the cold reaches of space

— movies that is. Mirroring current obsessions, I only chose for my viewing and reviewing pleasure films made by people of a similar psychosis: each one had a number featured prominently in the title. [This of course does not include sequels; much to my former-nerd friends' dismay, *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* was nixed.] In a number of experiments conducted with the utmost adherence to scientific method, I was able to conclude one thing: unlike the millennium, space movies are very silly.

Heading the list of riotously ridiculous features was the notorious **Plan 9 from Outer Space**. Often billed as the "Worst Movie Ever Made," this Ed Wood gem was reportedly financed by a Baptist church who required that the entire cast be baptised (also known as the first sign of the apocalypse). The film opens with a narrator seemingly hopped up on speedballs, who intones: "Greetings my friends. We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives. And remember, my friends, future events such as these will affect you in the future." From there, he goes on to say that what we are about to see is a dark secret long hidden that will only now come to light. Past or future, it only gets better from there. According to the plot, aliens have come to earth to destroy it in order to save it from destroying itself. If I say more, it will ruin the astounding surprises that the film holds for the first-time viewer — like how it could ever have been released. My only word of advice is to keep your ears open for the scene between the General and the Corporal in which they discuss the army's position on the existence of aliens. A masterpiece of surreal satire, it predates *Dr. Strangelove* by six years, though we must assume that where Kubrick intended, Ed Wood unwittingly.

Moving back 12 months (to 1957), yet light years ahead in production value, is the ultra-cheesy Sunday afternoon special **Twenty Million Miles to Earth**. William Hoppe, known to Perry Mason freaks as Paul Drake: P! Operative, plays the commander of a secret mission to Venus. The project is kept from the public until a triumphant return can be assured.

Of course, things go awry and the giant spaceship crashes off the coast of Sicily (where apparently everyone talks in broken English with Chief Boyardee accents). The only survivors are our illustrious commander and a mysterious life form which (could it be any other way?) goes missing. Falling into the kindly hands of an Italian zoologist and his premed, babe-alicious granddaughter, the Venusian life form begins to grow with startling rapidity. The essentially harmless creature is provoked by ignorant man (mostly of the species Italians) into a snarling beast, with all the horror that a clay-mation figure spliced into the film can engender. While *Twenty Million Miles to Earth* succeeds in its goal of thrilling small children, and those who wish they still were small children so they didn't have to go to work, I couldn't help but wonder why we were never given a glimpse of Venus which, according to the lengthy testimony of William Hoppe, was a fabulous place to visit.

In the spectrum of government lies, it is an actual mission kept secret from the public more or less central than one with the public witnesses, but which does not actually take place! As it was advertised when it came out in 1978, "**Capricorn 1**: The mission was a sham. The murders were real." Starring James Brolin, Sam Waterston and OJ Simpson as astronauts who are forced to take part in a faked mission to Mars, *Capricorn 1* is the least silly of all the films I watched for two reasons: it doesn't have aliens and it doesn't take place in space. As such, the filmmakers didn't have to waste their money on futuristic sets and costumes or crazy special effect monsters. They could actually afford to hire a scriptwriter and some actors. And OJ Simpson. The all-star cast — including Elliot Gould as a reporter who smells a setup, Hal Holbrook as the NASA poster boy for two-faced bureaucrats, and Brenda Vaccaro as the stoic, yet not too stoically, astro-wife — thankfully shouldered the bulk of the action. Though this isn't the taut thriller it wants to be, the snappy dialogue and numerous sub-plots keep the action moving. Besides, what other movie are you going to rent that stars two Mr. Barbra Streisands?

Capricorn 1. Saturn 3. The similarities end there. Made in 1979 and released in 1980, *Saturn 3* has lavish space sets, post-modern space outfits, a robot of complex design, a tiny cast, terrible acting, and a crappy script. Who are three people who should never be in a claustrophobic space movie together? Kirk Douglas, Farrah Fawcett and Harvey Keitel. Though I can't really say that Douglas is bad in his role as the leader of a two-person colony on a Saturn moon, he is a little odd to be strutting around in beige polyester sleeveless tunics (what's with white and all-white tunics in the future? Are we all going to pathologically fear loose-fitting clothing and bold colours as signs of our dark, slightly floppy past?), fucking the barely 25 year old Farrah, and wrestling naked with a (fully clothed) Harvey Keitel. [In fact, I'm a little old for some of that naughtiness.] Throughout the film's 80 minutes, Harvey Keitel looks like he's stuck in can't-get-out-of-my-contract hell, and it sounds like he literally phoned his part in. His voice always seems to be coming from a speaker just off camera, as he mouths the words. And what words they are. Ever the smooth talker, inside five minutes of meeting Fawcett he drones, "You have a great body. May I use it?" Despite all the shocking revelations I have just imparted, I have yet to mention the most startling fact of all. *Saturn 3* was the last movie directed by Stanley Donen, director of *Singin' in the Rain*. See it to believe it.

If you really want to see a good space movie, just get it over and rent 2001: A Space Odyssey (and maybe this time

forgo the trip). If you're looking for a healthy dose of paranoia and numbers, do the *Pi* thing. But if you're looking for a rehash of the paranoid future-fantasy where we're all given numbers instead of names and everything is controlled by a supposedly benevolent dictator/ruling class/machine, then rush out and get **THX-1138**. As anyone who was silly enough to go and see *Star Wars I: The Phantom Menace* this summer knows (she said sheepishly), George Lucas hasn't many new ideas in that billion-dollar brain of his. The guy audacious enough to rip off Jesus for his middle-aged sci-fi myth-and-money-maker had balls enough to rip off George Orwell's 1984, and a little of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, as a first-time filmmaker. Even by 1971 standards, there are no new ideas in *THX-1138*. Even worse, and despite a decent performance by Robert Duvall, it's really dull. According to Lucas, as cited in Peter Brinkman's *Easy Riders Raging Bulls*, the studio "cut the fingers off his baby" by reediting it for public consumption. Perhaps a masterpiece was left on the cutting room floor. Perhaps George Lucas should stick to special effects and leave the filmmaking to people who have a talent for it.

As a gal with a talent for making a cocktail and watching a flick, on January 1 I'm going to eschew sci-fi and settle in with a delicious Manhattan and a lengthy *Thin Red Line* marathon. There are no better candidates to wipe away the pessimism of the millennium than a little rye and a lotta '30s chick. If you can't look forward to something, why not look back? *

Videofilter Top Ten Moving Images I've Seen This Year

1. *Action (TV)* - "I think you're really qualified for this job, but I think I'm going to hire that hooker instead."
2. *Get Real (Film)* - I knew that "dog" thing would get them in trouble.
3. *Praise You (Music Video)* - Sublime makes a comeback!
4. *Shack out on 101 (Video)* - Snappy dialogue, bizarre gay undercurrents, and Lee Marvin. (B-movie heaven.)
5. *Being John Malkovich (Film)* - More of the same.
6. *Go (Film)* - These boots ARE made for walkin'...
7. *Show Me Love (Film)* - Lesbian Coming Out Primer!
8. *Ultraviolet (TV)* - Best British series since *Prime Suspect*; plus cheese!
9. *White Heat (Video)* - Cagney melts down in a Freudian Atomic nightmare!
10. *Run Lola Run (Film)* - It doesn't have to be art, goddamn it!

Happiness

by Miyu

You check your messages four times a day, and you feel a little lost when there aren't any, so you send off a few emails because maybe they'll send you one back, and there's only bills in your mailbox, but you wouldn't know what a letter looked like anyway, so you send off twenty-six Christmas cards that all look exactly the same, stamped with the same picture, and envelopes, and you're home alone and you can't find your god-damned cat, so you go for a walk and you run into that girl you know, and you stand there with nothing to say, and she has to go, or she wants to go, and she says "Take care," and you remember that you have nothing, nobody to take care of, so you drop a few coins in the plastic ball beside the person with the bell, and you put your hands in your pockets, your face in your scarf because suddenly you feel how cold it is.



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FLAMMABLE GAS FLAMMABLE GAS FLAMMABLE SOLID

by JC McFrown

(Steve, keyboards; Dustin, bass; Paul, drums; Mattie, vocals.) These young men say that people like them until they get to know them — you decide.

DISORDER: Why are you about to get kicked out of the Brickyard?

Mattie: I have... issues... with the management about being 18 years old, instead of 19 years old, and wanting to watch bands.

They make no exception, even though you're playing tonight?

M: They let me play and do soundchecks, but they don't let me watch, or... stand.

Steve: Dustin's 22 and I'm 25, well... 21.

Paul: That wasn't even the question! Just answer the question.

So do you have trouble playing many shows? Do you always get kicked out?

M: No, this is the only show.

P: We're not a bar band.

W: We rarely play bars.

Which means that Victoria has a much better all-ages scene than we do?

Dustin: Word.

M: You could say that much.

P: Nobody likes us [in the Victoria all-ages scene].

Everyone still talks us.

What did you do?

P: We didn't do anything!

S: We're good!

M: I have a theory. My theory is that we act as shows like we do when we walk around on the street.

P: Dude, it's not like that. People want to have someone to shit talk, and I guess we're an easy target. We play a lot of shows, and we're an easy target because we're a high-profile band.

Everyone: High-profile!

S: Okay, so here's the scene: we've been doing the same shit for the past seven or eight years. The only difference is that we're playing more shows and getting

slightly more recognition.

I've heard there were a number of ill-fated bands that lasted a couple of weeks each before this one.

S: Dustin and I have played together since I was about five. [laughter] We were in a band called Fuck You I'm Shedding Home, we did the West Coast and played here once.

P: Steve and I were in Instill.

D: So was I, man!

P: Dustin made a cameo. Mattie and I were in the Detroit Deathwatch; we played here once.

S: Small town politics corrupt every band that we've attempted to start.

You're staying put in Victoria, though?

P: It's a good city. It's clean.

S: Good water.

M: There's no 99 cent pizzal. We make the best of [Victoria], you could say.

S: We're very optimistic.

P: It's how you entertain yourself.

M: We think of ourselves kinda like sailors on ships. We've got long, like, treks ahead of us, so we just do what we can.

S: It's not how big your city is, it's what you do with it.

D: It's how you rock the ferry, the motion of the ocean.

P: Dude! Okay!

Why do you have no guitarist?

D: Because there are no good guitar players in Victoria.

M: Yeah, yeah, yeah!

S: Whooa. No, no, no. Paul?

P: Okay, we started off one night, we were at Steve's house, just hanging out. We decided to jam, and there was only keyboard, bass, and drums. We picked everything up and wrote a song.

Does your keyboard grant you any extra privileges in the scene?

S: Well, no one can really dis me, because they have nothing to compare it to.

P: There is another comparison, I don't know if we should bring it up though, that other band with keyboard.

Seems like every band these days has got a keyboard.

M: Yeah, but every band these days has got a guitarist, and we don't!

D: We one-upped the novelty!

Without any shameless name-dropping, what's going on with Hot Hat Heat right now, and what does the future hold?

P: Tour with Radio Berlin!

S: In terms of records?

I heard about a certain label going under, bands, hopes and aspirations going with it?

P: Well, we've had a few offers. Something will be coming out within the first quarter of the millennium.

M: That would be within the first 250 years!

P: The first quarter of the year [2000].

M: Oh, we should mention the record. There's the label over in Australia.

M: Not called Radio One!

O: No, they are called Radio One! Well, we're doing a split seven-inch with a band from Ontario called Black Cat 13.

D: Not dropping any names...

M: Not dropping any names!

P: The thing is, we're not like, looking for record deals. We're just jamming. The only reason I play in this band is so that I can hang out with these three individuals right here.

D: There's no rush [to put out a full-length].

Here's my Victoria question: Do you know Chris Eng?

P: I know who he is. What about him?

Nothing. Just wondered.

P: I wasn't popular in high school.

D: I was moderately popular.

M: I was what do you call it, homecoming king.

S: He was the valedictorian.

M: I was the quarterback for the football team, the captain of the hockey team, and I had a toilet papered to poster of everyone on the chess team. I'm full of shit.

I've heard that you have a lot of 14-year old girls checking you out these days.

M: I think that's because I was in high school when we started.

S: Basically, all the girls like Mattie.

M: I'd like to skip this question.



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11 DISORDER

Millennium Project by Hancunt

Hancunt rings in the New Year by chilling with JP Carter and John Raham, two members of the jazz band with the trendiest name.



Everybody, give yourself a holiday treat and check out *Simulasticity*, Millennium Project's second release, on Vancouver's Mo' Funk imprint. Your ass will thank you. Probably the best thing about being a local music fan is that you get to see your favourite groups live frequently and inexpensively. MP plays around town all the time, and I had the good times digging them at the Chameleon on November 28. They were funky, squishy, sleek and subtle at the same time, with one foot planted in Herbie's and Miles' jamboogie yard, and the other snaking forward. The Chameleon crowd [which even consisted of Grey Cup revelers whose ideas of jazz probably feature Kenny G's latest rip-off of Louis Armstrong] was funking, smiling and sweating all night. Millennium Project consists of JP Carter on trumpet, Jon Bentley on saxophone, Scott Sanft on keyboards, Dave Sikula on guitar, Scott Tucker on bass, John Raham on drums, and Neal Dhillon on the tabla, boy-bee.

DISORDER: How did you hook up with Mr. Bill Laswell?

JP Carter: The producer [Jon Manzi] thought it would be a good idea, so he called him up. We were pretty stoked.

I know that there's a mixdown that has to happen with any album, but that's not something that is usually highlighted with regards to a jazz album, you know, 'the mixer.' What did he do to it? How did it change after Mr. Laswell got his hands on it?

JPC: Well, first of all he made it sound good.

It didn't sound good before?

John Raham: I think he has his stamp on it, but without taking so much liberty that it turned out like a completely different record. I think he did a great job, listen[ing] to what we were doing and not taking away from that to his own magic tricks, but just to support and augment what was going on. It's scary to send a project away and not know what's going to happen when it comes back. I felt confident about sending it to him, but still, not knowing what you're going to get sent back is scary. I was happy when I got back to hear what he had done.

So do you get to go to New York with play at the Knitting Factory, now that you're down with Bill?

JR: Sounds good.

JPC: Set it up.

This is your second release. The first album was also done for Mo' Funk, what was the response like from the first album?

JPC: Better in other places than in Canada.

Who are your favourite Canadian jazz musicians?

JPC: Um, um, um...

You can just chat and say Oscar Peterson if you want.

JPC: Well, there are lots of local people whose stuff I love, like Brad Turner.

What plans to you have for the millennium?

JPC: We're going to play, tour the West Coast, do jazz festivals, and then go to Europe.

Why do you call yourselves the Millennium Project? Why don't you call yourselves the Millennium Band? This is a project different from a band?

JPC: I guess when it started out it was more... that, and then it just became... a band.

So, no intentions of cashing in on the whole Y2K trip?

JR: [Millennium Project] formed a while ago, in 1996. It came about at a time when we all finished school, or sort of stopped going to school. It was

time to figure out how to do the work of building a band; get some things in your head out, and that's a project in itself, to find a bunch of people to make music with.

All the songs on *Simulasticity* are originals. How do you come up with the titles for songs in jazz? Rumour has it that one well-known jazz band watched pornos during breaks in recording and used that as inspiration when naming songs. Do you guys do that? How do you come up with your titles?

JPC: No, we don't do that. I'm not, a writer, so it's tough to go through that experience of naming something, and most of the time when I do it doesn't translate into some easily accessible word in my vocabulary. It doesn't really spawn one particular idea that I can work with. You know, you have to write a title. You do up some charts for the guys and pass them out, and if there's no title on it...

You're in trouble!

JPC: Yeah. There was this one I just couldn't do, so I just wrote this little shape on it, and I got lots of flak for that too. I'd say, 'let's play this one,' and make a little hand symbol. So I had to contemplate what the tune is all about, and then I had to make up a word for the tune, 'cause I couldn't find a word that fit.

JPC: And that tune is "Simulasticity," the title track.

Naming songs is hard when it's instrumental.

You know, I was really drunk one night at this lounge, and the DJ was spinning, playing the record *On The Corner* by Miles Davis. And the manager asked the DJ not to play 'any of this contemporary jazz.' Of course, *On The Corner* was released in 1972, so I asked him what his definition of contemporary jazz is. He had no idea. What is contemporary jazz?

JPC: I don't know.

Maybe it's like, Kenny G. But that's not contemporary jazz, because it's not jazz. It's like, adult contemporary.

JPC: With regards to contemporary and traditional jazz, some people think those are two opposites, which they aren't. Traditional can be done now, but that doesn't make it contemporary. I don't think that 'contemporary' is a necessary label or moniker to stick in front of anything, because it is what you hear.

So how are people trying to define Millennium Project?

JR: It's back to the whole category thing again, it seems like consumers need to have a tag on it to consume it. If you say, 'This is crazy fucking new shit and you'll like it!' they won't go for it.

How can we make jazz have a sexier reputation?

JPC: That's what we're trying to do here. •

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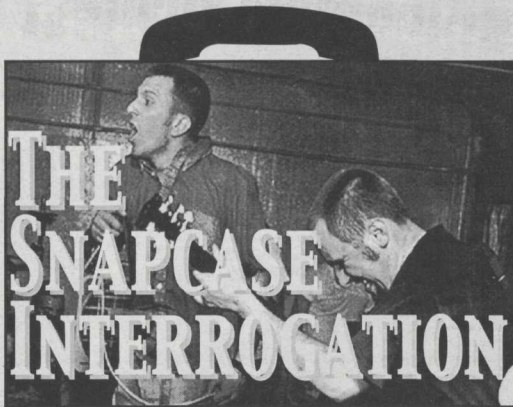
BY MAR SELLARS & ROB BROWNRIDGE

If you visit the Victory Records website, you'll see a banner displaying a countdown to the release date of Snapcase's new album, *Designs for Automation*, on January 25th, 2000. This will be their third full length, following up 1997's *Progression Through Unlearning* and 1994's *Lookingglass*.

Like a lot of people who are into hardcore, the members of Snapcase have a love-hate relationship with the scene that has helped them become what they are today. It is a scene dominated by aggressive, mostly white males who like to strut their stuff by dancing hard in the pit. Anyone who's been to a hardcore show has probably seen the very, er, creative hardcore dance styles such as floor-punching, windmilling, and spin-kicking.

Instead of taking an in-your-face, youth-crew approach to hardcore and its philosophies, Snapcase focuses on more universally accessible messages of individuality and self-realisation. As might be expected, this allows a broader range of people to be affected by their music.

Snapcase are renowned for their powerful and emotional stage presence. That, combined with their less exclusive style of hardcore, has made them a favoured band to tour with. On their most recent tour of duty, they got to play shows with The Misfits and 7 Seconds. Last year they ended up on such high profile bills as The Vans Warped tour and The Deftones' US tour. Despite this, they remain true to being an independent, all-ages band.



Mar and Rob caught up with Snapcase when they played a matinee show with Buried Alive, Kid Dynamite and 7 Seconds at the Commercial Drive Legion Hall in Vancouver on October 30th.

DISORDER: Can you tell us a bit about the new album, and how it compares to previous ones?

Daryl: It's more of an interesting sounding record than previous albums. There's more diversity from song to song, and within the songs there's more intensity changes.

Do you guys consider yourselves a hardcore band?

I guess. The hardcore scene is where we came from and what we owe everything to. Without the hardcore scene we'd be pretty much lost; we wouldn't be where we are right now. But people have different conceptions of what hardcore is, and we don't want to be pigeon-holed into what some people might think hardcore is.

So what do you think hardcore is?

I wouldn't try to define hardcore. I don't like defining different genres of music; I think it just limits what people think. The best thing you can do is just check out a band live, and I think, especially for hardcore, the best way to witness what it's all about is to see a live show. That's the most important thing.

A lot of hard dancing was going on at tonight's show and a fight even broke out — what do you prefer to see a crowd do?

I've never been a big fan of the windmill arm thing and the kicking, because you can't see where your arms and legs are going. If someone's watching a band, they don't want to get kicked or pounded in the head by someone else's fist. It's not fun, it's not cool, and it proves nothing. I'd like to see more kids smiling at our shows, just kinda bouncing up and down and enjoying the music.

What's your view on the ongoing issue of hardcore being male-dominated?

Aggressive punk and hardcore have always been dominated by aggressive males, and mostly white males. As I've gone through life I've met

people of different backgrounds and cultures, so it can be kind of embarrassing having them witness the hardcore scene I'm a part of. Hardcore tends to be a very exclusive scene. It's not that girls need to be more aggressive and fight their way in at shows. The guys that are already there need to help other people feel comfortable to be up front singing along — and that's what it comes down to....

Straightedge is one of those things that an individual has to define for themselves. Strangely enough, straightedge has become something that kids get into because of peer-pressure, to be cool or to fit in with certain kids. That's a terrible way to get into something.

Do you guys consider yourselves a straight-edge band?

Snapcase has never been a so-called 'straight-edge band' although the members in the band are all straightedge. It's not an important thing for us to go out and say 'We're straightedge' and 'Be straightedge.' Our lyrics are about finding yourself, digging down deep and finding the genuine individual that you really are, doing things that you're truly comfortable with; thinking about your weaknesses and making yourself better; and overcoming everything around you. It's unfortunate that most kids try to identify themselves within a group, a scene, or a crew — something larger than themselves.

We've had a lot of people come up to us and say 'Through your lyrics and your music you've really helped me out. I had really bad drug/alcohol/depression problems and your lyrics have really inspired me to better myself.' I think that's more effective than a band coming out and saying, 'Let's unite and be together!' We're all straightedge and we're a big crew! For someone who has drug problems that doesn't work for them, they're isolated from all that.

Is there an ideology behind being independent and playing all-ages shows?

Yes! We've been on the same label, Victory, for the whole existence

of the band. The kids that like Snapcase for the most part are all ages, so we would never play a non all-ages show. We're not here to play 'drink special night' or 'nickel-drift night' or whatever they call it. **Does touring with big bands like The Deftones ever frustrate you, make you want to stop being independent?**

No. I think a lot of people have misconceptions when it comes to major labels versus independent labels. A lot of bands on independent labels are making tons of money. Everybody knows that Ian MacKaye and Fugazi have made tons of money, and that Dischord has racked up substantial profits. That's not a bad thing because when you're playing shows someone's making the money, be it the club or the promoters or whoever. There's nothing wrong with making money as a band — what's wrong is if that's the purpose of being a band.

We've been touring for so many years now that we're kinda nerdy — just reading, or everyone's in the van sleeping. We're kind of a jock band, so we made up a game called bagel-ball where we wrapped a bagel up in duct tape and made this sort of soccer game with it. We'd play in the parking lots before shows and even involve kids that were waiting in the game. It was a lot of fun! I really like your Donnas pin, by the way.

Have you guys ever played with The Donnas?

No, but I'm a big fan. Rock 'n' Roll Machine, and Get Skintight! I really like too. I haven't even seen them, but I really wanna see them play.

Well hopefully you'll get to see them live and maybe play with them in the future! Thanks a lot for the interview!

Well, thank you and thanks to everyone out there for all their support. It's always inspiring to see so many kids out at a show, especially at a matinee show like this one, and on Halloween weekend as well!

Sadly, though it was Halloween weekend, Daryl and the boys in Snapcase had nothing special planned for All Hallows' Eve. They were scheduled to play in Portland on Halloween day, and although their booking agent suggested they dress up as the Backstreet Boys (which Daryl was quite confident they could pull off), when we spoke to them they didn't have anything locked down. Hopefully Snapcase will be back in Vancouver appearing as themselves some time soon. •

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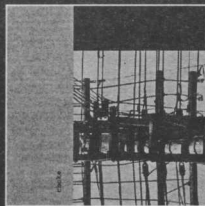
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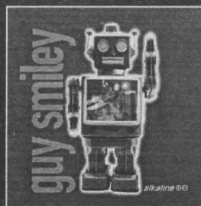
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CHUCK D. BY NAT-X.

DISORDER: Chuck, do you think the shift in consumer demographics for rap music from primarily Black and urban to white and suburban that happened somewhere in the late '80s/early '90s was at least in part responsible for a decline in conscious hip-hop in the mainstream? I mean, quite often when I'm DJing and people ask for hip-hop but don't get specific, and I suggest like PE or Paris or something, they say, 'Nah, man, I don't wanna hear any of that conscious shit!' I get that all the time.

Chuck D: What? Do white kids tell you that? I've heard variations on that from people of many ethnicities.

I don't necessarily think a major shift happened because of that, 'cause... well, the arenas of exposure might have decided to play something else as opposed to what they were playing. So, those are exceptions to the rule, the people saying that 'I don't wanna hear that or whatever. But I will tell you this: the overall focus in the United States' popular media has always been on some 'killer nigger' shit, so anything that goes against the grain would probably not be as favoured as something that follows that formula. So the formula of negativity or Niggativity rests comfortably in the minds of a lot of heads. So that's one of the ways in which positive rap really went against the grain:

it's really what you could call 'edge music' as opposed to something that would make everybody feel comfortable, but it [Niggativity] doesn't make people that run the Black communities comfortable either. So, I don't think it necessarily translates into increased sales 'cause the white kids bought the De La Soul, and the Tribe Called Quest, and the Public Enemy, and the Paris as well.

Okay, cool. But I wasn't really suggesting that rap became more popular because of the whole Niggativity thing; rather, that the primarily white corporate system which marketed the artists chose to promote one more comfortable image in the mainstream [to suburban white teens] than another less comfortable one.

Well, I won't necessarily argue with that... I mean if any kid says 'I don't wanna hear that conscious rap,' would you consider those kids racist?

Yeah, I probably would because it's a matter of what makes you feel safe or comfortable. Especially if it's a white kid: if all you enjoy hearing is that 'nigga/bitch/ho' shit... I'm sorry, but if that's what you're comfortable with, and that's how you see Black music and Black people then I've got a real fucking problem with you. I mean what you have to examine is why the jiggaboo thug image is an appealing image of us Black people to others. Furthermore,

why is it that so many people in the Black communities have been indoctrinated into thinking that this constitutes rebellion when they are simply replicating age-old white stereotypes?

Alright, Yeah.

Actually that's part of my next question. I know you don't like to criticize other Black artists in print and that's fair enough, but I'd like your opinion on this. Do you see the explosion of real whitey-gin-in-a-suit corporate marketing support for gangsta rap as a way of promoting a certain image of Black people in the mainstream media? I know in *Fight the Power: Rap, Race & Reality* you talk about [gangsta rap] being potentially a kind of call for help, and that the imbalance in media coverage has really exacerbated the problem. By reinforcing stereotypes that white society hold very deeply and promoting these icons as desirable to Blacks through media saturation, are they just recreating and reinforcing the 'bad nigger' image as a way to justify continued oppression and inequality? Yeah, in a way, right. I think the thing you have to remember is that the music industry is not independent of politics. The money all comes from the same places. The leaders of the industry, with their gigantic teams of lawyers and accountants and marketing

strategists, have found a way in the past to manipulate that system and project this and still get what they had to get without being accountable to the communities they were portraying, that these artists came from. I mean, regardless of what anyone says, the bases of these artists come from the Black community. Now these artists from the Black community have voices and they speak, but they have something behind it undermining it and co-opting it to be one way instead of a whole balanced point of view across the board. That one-sided projection can skew people into stereotypical thought, thinking this is who they are, that they're wild and gangsta, and once things like that are repeatedly projected and broadcast who knows how deep the influence can go.

I was recently reading bell hooks' *Outlaw Culture*, and in her interview with Ice Cube she repeatedly talks about being labeled 'anti-white' because she attacks the white supremacist patriarchal power structure; I've obviously heard similar criticisms being laid against PE. So, do you think these criticisms are a deliberate silencing tactic or are these people so deeply integrated into the system that they can't differentiate between targeting power structures and attacking people?

Most of the masses of America and even in different parts of the Earth have been

programmed to think on a very limited basis; they're not thinking about fighting the powers that be when they're supplied by those powers. So, yeah, that's the reality in that respect. But you know, our whole thing has always been fighting the structure because it's the structure that controls the minds of the people. When push comes to shove, you know, it's very convenient for power structures — I mean I'm just talking even the music industry here cause I have a situation like Public Enemy — but I mean for example for radio stations not to play our records and video outlets not to play our videos... it's very convenient for a nineteen-year old youth to come along who's never seen us, who's judging on those limited standards conditioned by the media, and say, 'So who are Public Enemy? What's all the attitude about?' 'Cause, you know, they follow MuchMusic and MTV and they're not seeing us and all that, and they just go through life trying to get a buck, and poppin' their cane, and shit like that and, you know, that's outside our realm. So, the production credits on *There's a Poison Goin'* exclude most of the old Bomb Squad. I mean I've heard criticisms about the departure from the so-called 'typical' PE sound. At the same time I think that there are many elements which reflect classic PE and, well... what's up?

Those criticisms, do they matter? It doesn't matter. But I would say that Public Enemy's always done different albums:

Public Enemy's never done two albums that sound alike, so the idea of a 'different sound' is academic. You can't take two albums that we've done and say 'this is like that.' If you look back and say there's a Public Enemy sound, well, you can find some commonalities but you can't find two albums that sound alike. That was part of the whole premise of making it. I mean, *Yo! Bum Rush the Show* was as different from *It Takes a Nation of Millions...* as this record is from anything we did. And *Fear of a Black Planet* was totally different from *It Takes a Nation of Millions*.

This album seems like lyrically one of your angriest projects [along with *Apocalypse '91*]: I like that.

You can't be angry for no reason, but I've found some freedom to express certain things and some things that need to be addressed, but our whole thing is like, yeah, *Apocalypse '91* hit on some important points but I don't like to talk about the same points twice. So, *Muse-Sick-N-Hour-Mess-Age* took a different approach, and I can't say *Greatest Misses* took any real approach rather than getting some things out of the vaults, but even the *Mistachuck* record was a whole different approach; it was the funk grooves and a more laid-back style. The measure of anger happens to be 'did I nail a topic?' and topics were to be nailed on this one.

This record seems much more contemporary than other PE projects in that it isn't so much a pioneering or radically

"But you know, our whole thing has always been fighting the structure because it's the structure that controls the minds of the people."

new musical approach. While, as I said, I hear many elements that clearly mark it as a PE record, stylistically it sounds very much like a more credible and creative reflection of a lot of contemporary hip-hop. How do you stay on top of the music scene so consistently?

Well, the goal was to actually do something that we can perform well, to make a muscular record. Also, to explore a different feel. We say with this album that what we wanted to accomplish was a project whose goal was to be like Redman bumped into the Chemical Brothers, stayed at Pink Floyd's crib, and ended up getting a ride from, like, Rage Against the Machine. So, we thought that coming up with that sort of a combination would make something very muscular, and also useful for performance 'cause you know I love rap music and hip-hop, but I don't like the fact that a lot of artists have not taken chances. You have to go to the classic artists like Kool Keith and Prince Paul to see that. A lot of people aren't making records based on performance; they're making records based on a car or a radio. That's cool, but if you have ten records that sound the same you have to ask 'why the fuck are you doing the album?' That's something that really bothers me, that people really want to make safe music.

So, what's up with *Confrontation Camp*? Is that coming up soon. Yeah, coming up in 2000. Is that going to be on Atomic Pop as well? No. Right now the distributor has yet to be determined. You've said many times, quite explicitly in fact (especially on *Muse-Sick...*), that you're 'not down with collin' my Brothers and Sisters Niggers and Bitches just to sound fly,' but on *Autobiography of Mistachuck* some of the guest artists are tossing around 'nigger' and 'bitch' quite indiscriminately. How

do you feel about that?

I didn't feel good about it. I mean my whole thing is that artists should speak and not be censored; I think they should be navigated. But at the same time, for me to go in and tamper with somebody else's art would not be artistically warranted. You know, a lot of cats do things for popular reasons, but then at the same time they claim that they're not trying to be mainstream. To me that's confusing 'cause mainstream is all about doing things for popular reasons. My whole thing is to lead by example. I mean I'm an artist, but the artist is only a slice of the man, you know what I'm sayin'? I'm involved here in Vancouver in the effort to free Mumia and I'm getting really worried what with the new death

bound to become bigger and better and you're going to see damn near, like, a million independent TV stations and shit.

I know what you're saying about media control, I mean I didn't even hear about this case until '93, and I heard about it when I was in Europe. It was all over the place in many different countries; every street corner had 'Free Mumia' posters of some kind and I was like, 'Who the fuck is that?' Then, 'holy shit! This is out of control.'

Yeah you took lines right out of what I was about to say because the first big coverage of Mumia was on posters and walls in Naples. America refuses to admit that it has political prisoners, but at the same time waves a phony list for all the political prisoners on the Earth.

Canada's the same way. Our government is always complaining about human rights abuses around the world, but they never address issues like, for example, the way Native Canadians are treated here and the way in which they deal with Native political protests like the confrontations at

"I think the thing you have to remember is that the music industry is not independent of politics."

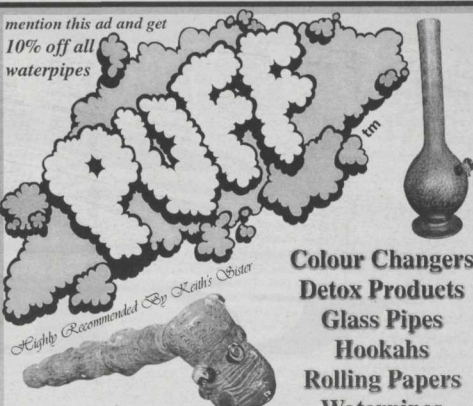
warrant and shit. I know you've been working on this issue quite a bit; what do you think is going to happen if Mumia dies? Do you think the anger that would surround his killing is going to fade away like it has with so many other assassinated Black leaders, or are people going to get angry and aware enough to actually do something this time? Out of sight and out of mind is a terrible thing that's happened to a lot of people in America, Canada, whatever. That only happens when you don't have control over media outlets. That's why I think the Internet is so important for us, 'cause we can continuously, consistently build our own media and have a lot of people flock to it. It's

Oka and Gustafsen Lake. I think what we have to do with the Mumia case is to set a precedent for the next millennium saying: 'Okay, we're going into a new realm but don't forget who's in charge here.' That's why this situation is significant. Will it be true freedom, or will it be the illusion and the aura of freedom, and it might even pivot around this case.

Yeah, and we are living in a world where the freedoms so many of us take for granted are proving to be more and more illusory.

Right. It's like someone gives you 'freedom of choice,' but they only give you two options. *

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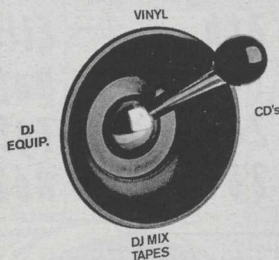
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Dec. 14th

Dec. 21st

Dec. 28th

Ellen Ferrato. Release/BPM. SF

Danny U. ET. Bros. Vancouver

Tyler Lewis. Eclipse Prod/Bassix

Robert de la Gauthier. Amsterdam

with the sweet deep house beats of DJs Skinny, J.Hills and Hadwen along side our once a month resident DJs Ali-Cat and Delacey from 96.1fm and 101.9fm. ladies free b4 11. Students with ID card by pass lineup and free cover b4 11. 19+ with ID . Located @1250 Richards.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS

"Blur are shite!" exclaims Guto Pryce, the bassist for Welsh purveyors of pop extraordinary, Super Furry Animals. It seems that Magwal aren't the only Brit band on a holy mission against Damon and company's chart success. In North America and the recent reinvention of their sound from Brit Pop cabaret hijinks to arty self-expressionist composition. "Actually, we don't hate them," he hastily adds. Perhaps Blur just brings back bad memories of when the Super Furies were nearly squeezed into the category of Brit Pop with countless other bands during its explosion in the mid '90s. The guitarist, Huw Bunford (just call him "Bunf"), further comments, "The reason our band was formed was because we hated Brit Pop. It was disgusting how it all came across, and the music was shit as well."

The writers for the British music press are infamous for inventing ways of labeling every new band so they can eventually lump them all together under one heading. The best one yet is the one that was created only this year, supposedly spearheaded by our Furry friends themselves, called "New Psyche" (that's short for "psychedelic" — a scene that occurred in the late '60s whose adherents liked to ingest LSD, played their music backwards and had an unhealthy tribal obsession for Lewis Carroll). Bunf explains, "that wasn't us, it was the NME — we never claimed to be the New Psychedelic movement and we never heard of it. It just happened to be convenient that the Flaming Lips, the Bata Band and we came out with albums close to each other. The NME just took that as an advantage to sell more papers. It's entertaining that in British journalism they make up a new scene every six months. It's all bollocks."

Bunf is correct in his opinion: the "New Psyche" scene lasted only the duration of the issue of NME which conceived it, never to be mentioned again by any

one. Through the surreal, smoky haze of the illicit substances the band is partaking in, they continue to talk about how preposterous it is to be connected to the word "psychedelic." Another band that was apparently part of that shortlived scene, Olivia Tremor Control, is brought up in conversation. Conveniently they, like the Super Furies, put out a new album this year as well, and are actually label-mates with them. Back in the UK, SFA are on Creation (home of Oasis, one of the few bands who still like to be called Brit Pop), but in North America their latest album, *Guerrilla*, is distributed by Flydaddy, a label run by two humble guys from Rhode Island.

"Olivia Tremor Control supported us on a British tour a few years ago, that's how we connected with Flydaddy," says Guto. "We used to be on Sony in North America, but they weren't releasing our records because they've got Gloria Estefan and bands like that to concentrate on. Sony just didn't know what to do with us, so we decided to start from scratch again. Flydaddy have done better distributing us than Sony ever did."

Ah, the age-old problem of a UK band getting poor distribution from their clueless North American major label. Thank God for the hard-working indie labels continuously putting out good music for selective listeners. *Guerrilla* seems to be a bit of a departure in that it has some electronic elements added to their usual stuning array of quirky guitar based melodies. There's even the tiniest bit of drum 'n' bass added to the odd song, as well as blips, bleeps, samples and vocoder. When asked how this came about, Guto replies, "We're sort of getting suddenly into technology, we've got our heads around it now. It's been two years since we did our last album and we picked up a lot during that time. We bought a sampler when we did Fuzzy Logic and it stayed in the box

during the recording of it. It started coming out more when we recorded *Radiator*, [and] by the time we recorded *Guerrilla* we really started getting into it and using more electronic gear. But *Guerrilla* is very organic as well." Bunf adds, "It has always been our intention to use electronic equipment and experiment with it, but we consider ourselves more non-purists than experimentalists. After all, we are a guitar-based rock and roll band and not a techno band. If we were purists, our sound would be all guitars, but we don't follow any specific rules. Quality is really our only criteria of the genre. We recorded twenty-five songs for *Guerrilla* and most of them were guitar-based, but the ones that we chose work well and we thought it would be more exciting to put a digital slant to the record."

The topic of the band being from Wales had to immerge sooner or later, seeing that at the moment in the UK there seems to be an influx of Welsh bands gaining a fair bit of popularity, most notably Catatonia, the Manic Street Preachers, Gorillaz, Zygote Mynce, and Stereophonics. Bunf rights away by and comments, "There's hundreds of bands in Wales, there always has been. But there's only about five that people have heard of."

"In Wales, most people used to call England 'the old enemy,' and the English used to say the Welsh were sheep-shaggers. We've been victims of those kind of generalizations ourselves. It's hard to have an objective opinion based on previous tension between Wales and England, as well as the press writing about Welsh bands as if it's a scene. You can't lump a whole country into one musical scene. We don't even have a lot in common musically," sniffs Guto.

That would be scene number three to which the poor Super Furry Animals have been unfairly linked by the evil British

press. Despite these facts, the band remains on good terms with journalists. "We've had about three albums and we've never actually been hyped, but we did get good press. You could say the press is sympathetic to us," asserts Guto. Perhaps it doesn't just come down to the British press aiding SFA's ascent into celebrity status in the UK, but some of their own surprising publicity stunts. One was a military tank painted with their logo, and another was a bevy of giant inflatable dolls displayed prominently at all their live gigs. "When you have limited resources you come up with slightly more inventive ways of getting your message across, you know. We try not to go for the obvious, like a great 1999 poster campaign," says Bunf with a hint of sarcasm.

Probably the funniest and most recent tour de force, combining their love for European football and self-promotion, is Super Furry Animals' sponsorship of their home football team so their name appears on the football uniform. Guto laughs, "It's another one of our bargain basement publicity stunts. The team is Cardiff City. It's our hometown and it's cool as fuck. The players have to go out on the field with Super Furry Animals on their chest!"

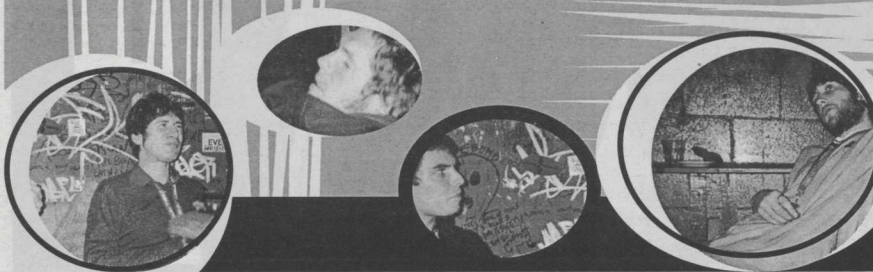
The band will always have a select audience in North America based on the sheer integrity and the creativity of their music, but their widespread popularity back home also includes a large number of football aficionados. Bunf considers, "I suppose we could alienate rival fans by having our name on one specific team shirt, but that's football-innit?"

the
(sugar refinery)
DECEMBER
1999
calendar of
consequence

- ⑧ Solo Cows bum
- ⑨ the Colorfix \$5
- ⑩ under the table-howard roark+stak u
- ⑪ Diversions
- ⑫ every Sunday hq communications
- ⑬ every Tuesday no name Jazz (millenium project)
- ⑭ the secret three
- ⑮ Mortal engine
- ⑯ Broken record chamber
- ⑰ kyrestan trio
- ⑱ Saul Duck
- ⑲ dixies death experiment
- ⑳ Vague demons
- ㉑ under the table
- ㉒ as yet undecided give us a call closer to find out
- ㉓ Dogfight II local vinyl pilots shoot to kill sponsored by OTIS records
- ㉔ CLOSED would you want to work? open all weekend for ambient brunch 11am 01.01.00 - Sunday night - see you

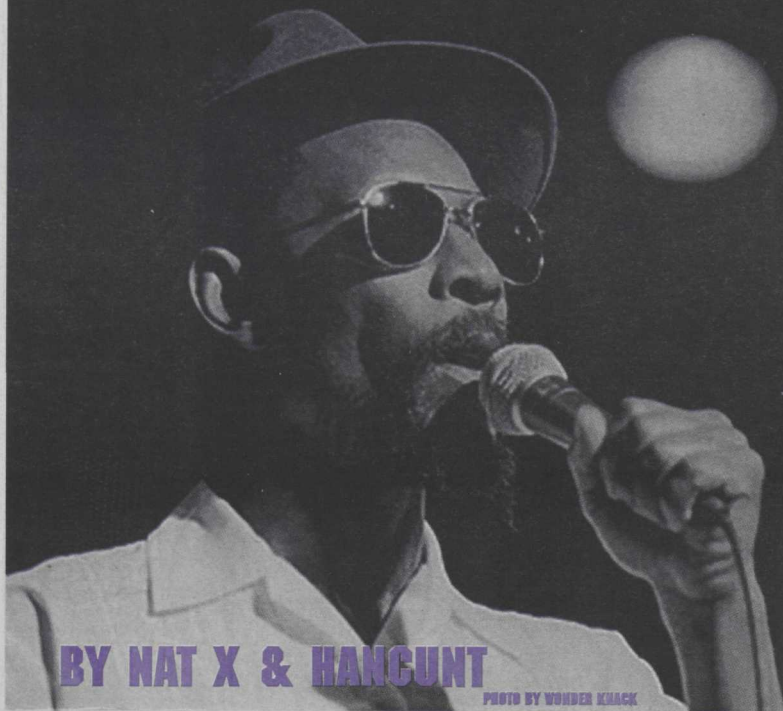
text & photos by

CHRISTINE GFROERER



**LINTON
KWESI**

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BY NAT X & HANCUNT

PHOTO BY WONDER KNACK

DISORDER: I know you don't like your art associated with rap but...

LKJ: It's not that I have anything against rap, it's just that I work in a different medium. I work in poetry. Rap has an organic historical relationship with Jamaican music in so far as it has appropriated the techniques of dub poetry. What they really have in common is the ascendancy of the spoken word. Actually the early American DJs were influenced by the Jamaican context. Yes, I understand that. I mean you're often described as the progenitor of rap. But what I am really trying to get at is do you think the strength of the West Indian community's influence in British music and popular culture, especially hip hop, acts as something of a barrier to American musical cultural imperialism?

No, I don't think so. British rap is really influenced by American rap. Most of the British rappers sound like American rappers. The American influence is all pervasive: if you look at some rappers from, for example, France, like MC Solaar, what differentiates them from the American tradition is the language. This allows for a somewhat different sound and some small resistance to the influence of American culture. British rap on the other hand is actually far more similar because of the language.

What about the lyrical content? I mean, the gangsta image seems far less prevalent; artists seem much more conscious and less enthralled by the whole materialist ideal than American rappers.

Well, the gangsta thing is very unfortunate. It is more related to the dancehall style of...

(interrupting loudly) Yes, I agree but...

Rap is, however, an important vehicle for the voiceless in that it gives a voice to their concerns and experiences. It allows the culturally marginalized to explore their experiences in a public forum. I think the greatest rap of all time is Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message'.

Nice!

Hancunt: What were your poetic influences? [chuckles] You probably wouldn't have heard of them. I would say poets like Kamau Brathwaite [Barbados], Martin Carter [Guyana] — all the American poets Amiri Baraka and June Cortez, and Jamaican spoken word records by Prince Buster and Bongo Jerry in the '60s. **Hancunt:** Dub poetry has a well established connection with music and is a predominantly Black musical idiom, but what about jazz poetry? There is a common perception that jazz poetry is primarily the domain of white Beat poets like Kerouac who have appropriated the music and the image. What about artists like Ntozake Shange?

I would say there has always been a strong tradition of Black artists in jazz poetry. When you speak of that I think of poets like, well, Langston Hughes, Amiri Baraka and June Cortez especially, and a host of others.

Hancunt: Poetry was originally a progenitor of song far before things were written down, yet we seem to have lost sight of this especially in the North American and European contexts. Why is it that the oral tradition flourishes so strongly in Jamaica? Jamaica has historically been an oral culture, one of many societies where the spoken word is important. It's not just there; if you look all over the world you'll see that oral culture is predominant in many countries. Jamaica is a country with two languages; English is the official language but we speak something totally different. Academics often speak of a 'language continuum' with the 'Queen's English' on one end and Jamaican dialect at the other.

So, do you see the use of dialect or Patois and the reshaping of the language of the colonial power as an act of resistance?

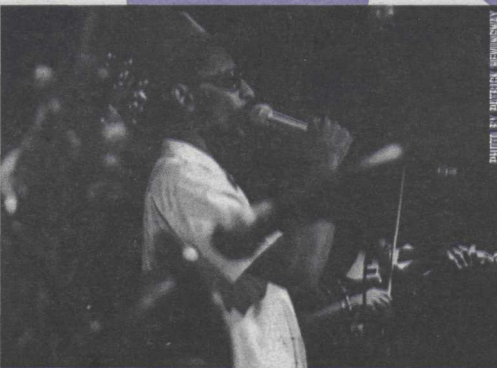
Well yes, what Jamaicans have done is to subvert the English language to suit their existential needs. You see

Linton Kwesi Johnson has been central to the international dub poetry scene for over 20 years now. His combination of subtle and hypnotic music with poignant biting social criticism and direct confrontation make him one of the most powerful and respected poets of the late twentieth-century. With four books, eleven albums and countless performances under his belt, LKJ has secured his place as the world's finest Reggae-poet. So, you can imagine my horror when I arrived at Sonar for the press conference and there was no one there. Can you imagine? A press conference for one of the major international figures in late twentieth century poetry and when he arrives not one member of the reactionary Vancouver press [besides myself, Hancunt, and a nice young fellow from BCIT] shows up! I mean it's cool to have an exclusive up-close-and-personal interview with one of your most revered artistic icons, but what the FUCK!?! This is LKJ! They were out in droves for mindless drivel like the Spice Girls when they came to town! How humiliating for Vancouver! I was so embarrassed that I wanted to crawl back into the womb and never come out again. To make it worse, I was expecting a rather more crowded press conference so I only prepared a couple of questions; I had to make most of it up as I went along. Fortunately, pissed off as he was articulate, so, although it took a while to get over the shock and chaos, we proceeded with the interview.

this in many other places too, for example pidgin [English] in Nigeria; they have taken and reshaped the colonizer's language to reflect their experiences. There seems to be a greater popular/artistic commitment to anti-racist struggle in Britain than in North America. If this is so, to what would you attribute this gap?

pervasive that it is quite often pointless to differentiate: our political environment tends to follow the trends of our southern neighbours whether we like to admit it or not.

Not in cultural politics but in civic politics there is a shift to the so-called 'centre'. Everyone wants to be 'centrist'. The New Labour party is simply a slightly liberal version of old Conservatism. They have appropriated the



Well, there is a long history of anti-imperialist struggle in the Caribbean and that struggle continued when we relocated to Britain 50 years ago. The tradition necessitated itself, and has continued for 50 years. In a sense if you compare this to North America, Blacks have been here for 400 years and they already have a long history of accomplishment and struggle while in Britain it has been only 50: we are making our own history.

So is the same disturbing shift to the right occurring in British cultural politics as is happening here?

Do you mean America or Canada?

Well, unfortunately the American influence on our culture and politics especially is so

policies of the right. It is the same package, simply different language.

Yes, that's the same predicament we face here. Our politicians' policies are essentially interchangeable. OK, as a formerly active member of the British wing of the Black Panther party...

(chuckles) Oh no, the Party's been defunct since oh, '71.

Yeah alright, it's just that Bobby Seale's still kicking about and he maintains an active Panther web page, and people keep popping up claiming affiliation so it's never certain if things are still really running or not. Anyway, as an ex-Panther what is your

opinion on the imprisonment and persecution of writer and former Panther spokesman Mumia Abu-Jamal?

It's disgraceful! Absolutely disgraceful! America likes to pretend it's an evolved country with a liberal tradition, yet it's involved in legalized murder for reasons of pure politics. I think what international organizations like Amnesty International need to do is focus more on human rights violations in the United States than in so-called Third World countries.

Hancunt: Why do you think that is? Is it because the funding for those organizations comes largely from the US?

No, I would be surprised if it did. They [the US] have their own human rights organization; I think it's called Human Rights Watch or something like that; I don't remember. They come down to the Caribbean quite often and complain about human rights violations and police brutality, but when the same thing happens in their own country they are silent.

Is the case as publicized in Britain as it is in the rest of Europe? I mean we hear very little about it in the mainstream media here for obvious political reasons, but the coverage is huge in Europe where the media owes less loyalty to American racist corporate interests. No. Most people in Britain don't know about it. Hmms. That's really too bad.

Yes Tracy.

On a different note, do you have any publications coming up?

No, there's nothing in the pipeline.

You mentioned Amiri Baraka as one of your influences. What do you think of some of... (leaving in a mischievous) Amiri Baraka is a comrade and a good friend of mine. I think very highly of him and his work.

Of course, I am a big fan of his work too but, what I wanted to ask was: you use similar tactics in some of your work, but what is your opinion of some of his more inflammatory and violent poetry? I mean lines like 'smash the Jew-bays in the mouth' and 'rape the white women in their fur coats', etc.

Well of course if it isn't meant to be taken literally, he's speaking metaphorically. Poetry is not about feeling comfortable.

No. I do a show incorporating spoken word and music and I sometimes get complaints when I broadcast radical political music and/or present poetry or essays that question certain unpleasant aspects of society, like the links between sexism, racism and capitalism.

Yes. It's a matter of choice. If they are uncomfortable with what they are hearing they should either re-examine their own reactions or tune out. That is what art is all about! Art and poetry should make you uncomfortable; [they] should wake you up.

Hancunt: There has been a lot of talk these days about MP3 technology and the Internet spelling the end of the record industry.

Yes. When people finally start releasing albums and marketing them there it will be very good for the crafts.

Oh, actually Public Enemy just released their entire new album on-line through an independent Internet label and they have managed to keep a significant portion of the royalties as well as retain control of marketing, content and distribution.

It will be the best thing for the makers of the music. The profits and control will be in the hands of the artists instead of the industry middle men. That's the only way to do it. I've been doing it [with LKJ Records] for twenty years now. It's tough.

Mr. Johnson, thanks for your time. We really appreciate it.

You're welcome. *

Under Review



ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

AIR Premieres Symptoms (Source)

Everyone has certain days. I have mine, you have yours, and some of ours overlap. This disc of *Air* remixes and singles reminds me of the summery days, the days that groove. They don't come along often, but these are the days I get dressed up real nice, the days I close my eyes and see black and white pictures, and the days when I can sit downtown waiting for a bus and reading a newspaper. These songs can be beautifully relaxing and floating if played on the right days, but if you listen too closely on the wrong day they can get quite repetitive. *chocolate baby*

ANTARCTICA 81:03 (F13)

Here comes the new wave of new wave. This kind of shit is really getting the push in the indie rock scene these days, with

bands like the *Audience*, *Radio Berlin* and the *Rapture* getting quite a lot of the local and not-so-local spotlight. Unlike the aforementioned bands, *Antarctica* goes for much less of the rock, and a whole lot more of the atmosphere on this double CD. Their songs are all very long, melancholic epics complete with mopey, melodic vocals, layers of keyboards, synths, and electronic noises, as well as more guitar effects than you could shake a stick at. These kids definitely know what they're doing with their songs; it definitely seems like they've sat down and listened to their cool older brothers' or sisters' record collections. To be completely honest, however, after listening to the first CD I couldn't really take any more *Antarctica* in one sitting. This isn't a terrible effort by any means, but after all the hype I had heard concerning this band — it features ex-members of *Christie Front Drive* — I was

disappointed. I might recommend this double CD to you if you're really down with this type of dreamy, almost cheesy new wave, but if you're just a part time shoe-gazer, buying two long CDs full of the stuff might be a bit of a waste. If I were you, I'd stick to listening to the new *Radio Berlin* CD, because *Antarctica* ain't got nothin' on those boys. *Chris*

BILLY BRAGG Reaching to the Converted (Universal)

Let's get one thing straight here: I am extremely biased in reviewing this CD because I absolutely adore *Billy Bragg* and have for quite a while. *Reaching to the Converted* is a collection of 17 songs from 10 previously released singles spanning the years 1985 to 1995, and includes a previously unreleased track. Unlike a whole lot of other "rarities compilations," this CD is worthwhile whether you are the most avid *Billy Bragg* fan or

haven't yet been exposed to the sound of his Cockney accent over top of that clean Telecaster guitar. The best thing about the album is that no two songs share any similarity other than his distinct voice and sharp, poignant lyrics. The songs range from the sweet and sad "Ontario, Quebec, and Me," to pretty ballads such as "Wishing the Days Away," to straight-up pop numbers like "Shirley." Although there are only a couple of political-commentary-fueled numbers on this disc, I am a fan of *Billy Bragg's* more sensitive [my favorite "lovey-dovey" lyric from this record: "Who cares about the weather, we'll dance in the town till the sun goes down and push our beds together"]. Only one man could write love songs as perfect and sappy as these without reeking cheese, and yes, his name is *Billy Bragg*. I love you, sir. *Chris*

WALLY BRILL The Covenant (Six Degrees)

Okay. So everything in my life is about Judaism these days. I have no idea why I am being attracted to it, nor why it is permeating everything in my life. But it is. I am not questioning it. Such is life. Anyway, on to the review. The movement to blend "tra-

ditional" music with electronic is becoming a little annoying. It's all I seem to be reviewing. With the likes of *Joi* doing South Asian electronics, and *Talvin Singh* spinning it up with South East Asian music, why not traditional Judaic music mixed with modern technology?

Hey, why not? It's actually a neat concept that comes off quite well — and quite moving, for easily moved types like myself. This album's sound is based on Rabbinical chanting infused with ambient electronics and the occasional sample.

And it's not just another *Enigma* rip off, thank God, or some light-weight attempt at something deep. It is, at times, absolutely chilling. The inner cover of the CD contains what looks like a William Blake print. Song 2 begins with a sample of a woman telling you of her typical day in Auschwitz.

It's good to listen to, but not for pleasant background dinner music. It's the kind of thing to listen and learn, to put on and concentrate on a sometimes terrifying and sometimes humorous history put to music.

Kudos to *Wally Brill* for making a smart recording. Get out and buy it. Besides, proceeds go towards the Holocaust Education Centre.

Anthony Monday

a few top ten lists from the folks at citr and discorder. more to be found elsewhere...

The list that Anthony spent too much time on; the top ten things he loved/hated about the year.

- ❖ Being single
- ❖ ST. ETIENNE
- ❖ Racket Pig — I'm sorry
- ❖ MAGNETIC FIELDS
- ❖ The many random boys that never amounted to much
- ❖ My Cowboy phase
- ❖ Good sentences [sic] and words
- ❖ Heroin, crack cocaine, and God... no, really
- ❖ My bicycle, Henrietta
- ❖ The people I love/hate

Glibby Peach's Ten Favourite Emerson, Manitoaba sayings (translated):
❖ "Schende Deevil" (the baddest Mennonite cuss-word)

- ❖ "Baisat Deevil" (slightly less naughty Mennonite cuss-word)
- ❖ "Back Deevil" (like telling the devil to take a hike in low German)
- ❖ "Danne Schende" (weak; as used as daring as "oh, crap!")
- ❖ "Blame it on the Boogie" (thank you, JACKSON FIVE)
- ❖ "Fouk off, McClown" (fouk is a company with a funny name... McClown is a lying Fouker)
- ❖ "Suck my dog's dick" (courtesy of WESLEY WILLIS)
- ❖ "Christ Astie" (French; extremely offensive to the old-timers at Barney's in Letellier)
- ❖ "Frum cakes" (taken from an old Junjard Dog song on a WWF compilation)

- ❖ "We like to Party!" (the name of my new favourite album by the VENGA BOYS. I play the title track at the Emerson Inn and, like magic, the place starts hopping like a bunch of "grenouilles" at the annual St. Pierre Joly's "Frog Follies" frog-jumping competition)

THE EDGE ON FOLK Saturday, 8am-9pm

- ❖ LA BOTTINE SURIANTE X leme
- ❖ HABIB KOITE Ba Ma Ya
- ❖ TARIKA D
- ❖ CHRIS SMITH Drive You Home Again
- ❖ TOM RUSSELL The Men From God Knows Where
- ❖ STAN ROGERS From Coffee House to Concert Hall

- ❖ MAD PUDDING Grand Hotel
- ❖ LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III Social Studies
- ❖ KATE RUSBY Sleepless
- ❖ NATALIE MACMASTER In My Hands
- ❖ Highlight of 1999: Manchester United — the Treble!

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES Monday, 3-6am

- ❖ ELECTRIC UNIVERSE Meteor
- ❖ YUMADE Switch off
- ❖ HOLDOLIM Q Symptom
- ❖ ATMOS The Only Process
- ❖ EARTH The Quest
- ❖ SPACE CAT Invasion
- ❖ INFECTED MUSHROOM Tommy the Bat
- ❖ TALAMASCA Alan Tribe
- ❖ MINDFIELD Valentine's Day Massacre

- ❖ TOTAL ECLIPSE Are You Abducted

SHADOW AT DAWN Friday, 6-8am

- ❖ THE ORB Little Fluffy Clouds (Danny T's mix)
- ❖ DREADZONE Dream Within A Dream
- ❖ HEMISPHERE Scetch (UFO mix)
- ❖ ART OF NOISE We Never Promised You A Rose Garden (12" Remix)
- ❖ SQUAREPUSHER Swiftly/Winscale
- ❖ LTJ BUEKEM James Bond Theme
- ❖ MIX MASTER MORRIS Nepalese Bliss
- ❖ FILA BRAZILIA Bovine Funk (F+B mix)
- ❖ SECOND VISION Italian Job
- ❖ ROB + GOLDIE The Shadow Process Mix



BRICKYARD

•DECEMBER•

Thursday 8th 9:30pm
SUPPORT RECORDING ARTISTS
ZEN GEURILLA
FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM
THE GIMMICKS

Friday 10th 9:30pm
MERGE RECORDING ARTISTS
THE TRAIL OF DEAD
CLOSED CAPTION RADIO
KAREN FOSTER

Saturday 11th 10:30pm
THE CARTELS
BELVEDERE
DOWNWAY
VICTORIAN PORK

Wednesday 15th 9:30pm
THE NEWWAVE-AKE
CHRISTMAS PARTY

Thursday 16th 9:30pm
BAD TASTE ART SHOW
WITH
SATINA SATURNINA

Friday 17th 10:30pm
MIDGE
THREAT FROM OUTERSPACE
HONEYSUCKLE
SERONTINA

Saturday 18th 10:30pm
DSK
THE ORIENTALS
THE RIFF RANDELS

Wednesday 22th
TBA

Thursday 23rd 10:00pm
DICK AND JANE
THE VELVETEENS
SOLARBABY

Wednesday 29th 9:30pm
THE HILL
PLUS GUESTS

Friday December 31st 9:30pm
NEW YEARS EVE!

THE DAYGLO ABORTIONS
DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS
PLUS GUESTS

Heavy Metal Sundays
Reggae Mondays
Phat Tuesdays
\$1.49 Wednesdays

BULEMICS

Blurred Vision and Twisted Thoughts (Man's Ruin)

Continuing the fine tradition of hate-rock anthems speeded forth from their previous effort *Old Enough to Know Better*, the band which has been terrorizing Austin, Texas for the past couple of years spit forward six more vile blasts that'll have you pulling out those old *Dwarves* records and reminiscing about the good ol' days of punk rock. The **Bulemics** are keepin' it real, baby, but not before they rank-sack your house, kidnap your little sister, and torch your car. You have been warned.

Bryce Dunn

CUL DE SAC

Crashes To Light, Minutes to its Fall (Thrashy Ear)

I first encountered **Cul de Sac** via their collaboration with avant folk-blues iconoclastic guitarist **John Fahey** on the their third release, entitled *The Epiphany of Glenn Jones*, a couple of years ago. That album found them clearly in a kind of frustrated awe (see the liner notes, it explains the title) of their musical hero coupled with a brave willingness to step out on to a sonic edge with him. The result of this collaboration sounded perplexing, at times, but more often than not strangely beautiful.

On their latest release, *Crashes To Light, Minutes to its Fall*, **Cul de Sac** find themselves in a more conventional setting with composer/guitarist, the aforementioned **Glenn Jones**, leading the quartet through several instrumental pieces that can be best described as mid-period **Can** in a Moorish mood. Jones' compositions are steeped in a dark-hued romanticism without ever becoming carried away. The quartet itself [guitar/bass/percussion/electronics] functions more like an improvising jazz ensemble: ebbing and flowing, anticipating each other's intentions while remaining open to serendipitous moments (not unlike **Can** at their

peak). Standout tracks include "Faithful Silence," "Far Off," "The Fabulous Iron Serpent Whistles," and "Sands of Two Jims." The results lend themselves to impressions like driving down a long winding country road during interesting weather.

Is it post-rock? Pro-rock without the usual weighty pretensions? Perhaps these are questions best left for listeners to muse over. *Crashes To Light, Minutes to its Fall* deserves to be heard on its own merits without these limiting definitions.

PC

FLASHLIGHT Running Season (double'A)

Some days I wake up wondering why most musicians insist on redoing the overdone. Today is not one of those days (well, it was, but keeping reading). Here to rescue me from the monotony that is modern pop-punk, Toronto's **Flashlight** offer a breath of fresh air in a musical Dutch oven. Nothing crazy here, no fantastic revelations; no tributes to **Big Star**; no reinventing the chord progression; just straight-up ska/punk/pop with absolutely no **Barenaked Ladies** influence. "Don't Look Much Like a Girl" is probably the funniest song I've ever heard in my life. "Fatos" takes me back to the mockery of my youth, while "New York City" sums up what most Canadians know about the great American excess: sweet fuck all. What can I say? These guys are great. So many hooks. They just toured Canada with **Chixdiggit!**. Convinced? If that don't get you, you probably don't like this kind of music.

Jamaal

FREAKWATER end time (Thrill Jockey)

Christa Min is a good goddamn **Joel R.L. Phelps** isn't the best songwriter in the world... the three folks in **Freakwater** could write circles around **Phelps** each day of the week (and twice on Sundays). End time is chock

full of rich, sultry alt.country™ tasty enough to make the **Dixie Chicks** eat their hearts out. The disc is so good, in fact, that its appeal spans across multiple generations. Lemme explain: I recently jumped an aeroplane back to the golden splendor of Manitoba (keeping my **Freakwater** close to my heart the entire time). Whilst there, I introduced it to my mo who, after hearing it once, insisted that the CD was now hers. Her argument was that because it's on Thrill Jockey, she wouldn't be able to find it in Win A Pig. "I'm sure everybody and their mother has a copy of end time in Vancouver. You shouldn't have trouble finding a new one," she informed me as she tried to tack the disc into her purse. Thinking quickly, I gave her a karate chop to the head and followed it up with a terse "Fuck that!" so she'd know that I meant business. But my ma ain't no wimp, so she picked up the cat and flung her at me. With protracted claws stuck in my neck like the song "Queen B" stuck in my brain, I slipped and dropped the **Freakwater** disc on the floor while my beloved mother darted forward with lightning reflexes and kicked it into her waiting hands. The gig was up. I would have to depart for Vancouver without my new favourite CD, all thanks to my stupid mom who feels that I owe her something for giving birth to me. But fear not, my dears: using the oldest trick in the book, I pointed heavenward and gave her the ol' "Look, it's the Goodyear Blimp!" routine, pulling the disc from her loosened meat-hocks. The gig was up. I was soon aboard Canadian Airlines flight 629 to Vancouver. Upon arrival in Raincity I called my loving mama, laughing maniacally while shouting "the disc is mine, the disc is mine, you nutty cacker!" Her response: "Guess who went to Into the Music on Osborne today, you little bastard? Keep yer goddamn disc, Peach, I got my own. And tell that Christa Min, whoever she is, that she should ditch the **Phelps** and get in tune with the times!"

gibby peach

HEFNER

The Fidelity Years (Too Pure)

On **Hefner's** second North American release, *The Fidelity Years*, the band has gone for a much more "produced" effort than on their previous works. For those who haven't yet heard from this British act, they have a pretty simple, catchy, and straightforward indie rock sound with a bit of Brit-pop thrown in for good measure. The songs on this CD are quite memorable and tend not to bore the listener with repetitive instrumentation, a trap that many bands of this genre fall into. Along with the regular drum/bass/guitar line-up, pedal steel, piano, horns, some record scratching, and even a theremin bestow a very full, nice sound to each track. The one thing I absolutely HATE about **Hefner** is the vocals. I find the lyrics to be incredibly pretentious and stupid, and the out-of-tune, **Jarvis Cocker**-type singing could cause fans of **Steven Malkmus** to plug their ears. If it weren't for the singing, I might actually be able to listen to this record a few more times.

Chris

HOOKERS II Black Visions of Crimson Wisdom (Scooch Pooch)

Since I'm no expert when it comes to metal, I can't find the words to tell you how brilliant this is. What I can tell you is that this five-piece from Lexington, Kentucky has finally exorcised its demons and let loose with the dark rock forces only glimpsed on their last record, *Satan's Highway*, or their 10" on **Man's Ruin**. I gotta tell ya, this is pretty powerful stuff, but with song titles like "Black Magic Stallion" and "Ride the Dragon to the Crimson Light," and when your guitar players' names are **Stoney Tomb** and the **Blizzard of Hoz**, how serious can they be? Serious enough that **Hefner** lies the brilliance of this band: they keep you guessing and me listening.

Looks like I found the words after all.

Bryce Dunn

LALI PUNA Tridecorder (Darla)

Wow! This has been in our stereo ever since I picked up the slightly boring looking CD two weeks ago. Both my roommate [Hi, Margie!] and I have been sent into the wonderful easy listening realm of ambient background music. It's like **Stereolab**, but more engaging — less poppy and more electric. We spent the first couple of hours trying to figure out what language the excellent (and damn talented) singer, Valerie Trebeljahr, is speaking. Sometimes English, sometimes Romanian (my guess) and sometimes Korean (Margie's guess). They're actually German. I can't say enough good things about these guys. They will do amazing things with their aesthetic. Amazing. Good. Watch out. That is all I have to say.

Anthony Monday

MAKE UP Save Yourself (K)

Attention all adherents of the gospel yeh-yeh movement: the **Make Up** has not forsaken you. They have returned, bringing their latest begotten album as sacrifice for the sin of all mankind. This being perhaps the fourth or fifth installment from America's sexiest, growth is in the air. Production quality is up, "baby's" and "yeh's" are down, and on the whole things seems a lot more subdued than past releases. I was going to write that this one's going to take some getting used to, but I've slept on it now, and I'm comfortable revealing to you [the believer] that the prophet was with me all thought the night. When my groove began to wane in the wee hours, the **Make Up** did appear as my savior. Even now, as I lie awake, the incense of the prophet has not left my field of view. There is no doubting the Word. I have seen,

and I believe.

Jamaal

MONKS

Five Upstart Americans (Omplatten)

Those of you who have heard the **Evaporators'** version of "Higly Piggy" probably think that you know what the **Monks** are all about. Hate to break it to you, but you don't. Upon first listen, the original, nearly all-instrumental **Monks** version is almost unrecognisable in comparison. The **Monks** formed in Germany in 1965. Quickly learning to create a healthy amount of feedback, they developed their unique baroque sound. As part of the **Monk** get-up they wore black cloaks and shaved the crown of their heads bald. Their "pre-Granger Punk Chant" was generated by a typical garage guitar/organo line-up along with the strong presence of a banjo. However, the best description of the **Monks** would be a mixture of German folk anthems gone bad and manic garage stomps. Also included on this disc are two tracks by the pre-**Monks**, **Five Torquays**. While this album is not what I was expecting, it is nonetheless an excellent testament to '60s garage craziness. Pick up a copy of this recording now and see what you're missing, you doppelganger.

Mike Davis

ONE LAST WISH 1986 (Dischord)

It would disappoint me to think that **Dischord** only put out this record to make money, so I tried hard to believe that it was good.

Really, **One Last Wish** is up against itself. The band existed after **Rites of Spring** and before **Fugazi**. In comparison, **OLW** sounds pretty mediocre. Guy Picciotto's vocals are intense, but the music can't keep up with him. The music sounds quirky, and the guitars are wanky. Ed Janney [also of **Faith and Happy Go Licky**, another **Dischord** band that only lasted for a few months] sings lead on

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LIPGLOSS AND CIGARETTES alt.

- Sundays, 5:6 pm
- TRAVIS The Man Who
- SUEDE Head Music
- SUPER FURRY ANIMALS Guerrilla
- SUPERGRASS Supergliss
- DAVID BOWIE Hours
- BLUR 13
- CHARLATANS Us and Us Only
- ALL SEENING I Pickled Eggs and Sherbet
- THE BETA BAND The Beta Band
- GAY DAD Leisure Noise

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND

NEEDLES

- Wednesday, 10:30am-Noon
- FUR PACKED ACTION The Dull THUD of Fur
- JUNGLE Long Time No See
- SATSUMA Hello My Name Is...
- FORD PIER 12-Step Plan, 11-Step Pier
- GAZE Shake the Pounce
- JOHN SOUTHWORTH Sedona Arizona
- JAZZBERRY RAM That Sound We Make
- WOODEN STARS The Moon
- OH SUSANNA Johnston

PLANET SMASHERS Life of the Party

- Evan Symons' Top Ten Carts
- THE RADIO Kinder Surprise
- FRIDGE ART TIARA ?
- FULL SKETCH Soundtrack
- CLOVER HONEY 3/4
- SEX IN SWEDEN Bridge and Tunnel Crowd
- MARK Don't Make Me Sorry
- POLO CONVOY Vincent's Victory
- CAGE Cuyo Cat
- DADDY'S HANDS Statistic Wigs
- TRANSVESTIMENTALS The Incidental Transvestimental Song

a few tracks and he sounds straight-up boring.

One Last Whim only stayed together for three months. I don't understand. If this recording wasn't worth releasing thirteen years ago, why is it worth it now? If not for money, then it's to show just how good Rites of Spring and Fugazi are.

Christa Min

BUD OSBORN

Hundred Black Rock (Get to the Point)

Here **Osborn**, joined by David Lester on guitar and Wendy Atkinson on bass, speaks poems from his latest collection *Hundred Black Rock*. I'm not sure which was recorded first, the music or the words, but it seems like Osborn is trying to suppress the urge to sing. The result is a cross between strained yelling and toneless singing.

Someone told me that this album was funny. Osborn also said that there's nothing funny about the Downtown East Side. They're both right. Osborn's poems are dramatic and hopeful. Positivity is almost always funny and drama is difficult to take seriously.

The music is the strongest part of this recording. Lester's abilities are amazing. Ideally, the music would support and not overshadow Osborn's lyrics. It's unfortunate because while Osborn's experiences and intent are undoubtedly important, the result is not as effective as it should be.

Christa Min

THE SADIES

Pure Diamond Gold (Bloodshot)

Ebert: Good evening and welcome to "At the Movies." Tonight we'll be reviewing a number of new features — mostly American, but the odd international one, as well.

Sideli: That's right folks, we've got a wonderful show lined up so don't touch that dial. E: Well Gene, now that we're through with all the perfunctory blah-blahing, I'd like to start off with a look at the new album from Canada's **Sadies**. It's called *Pure Diamond Gold* and, like the title suggests, it's a real jewel.

S: I'm in full agreement, Roger. The best back-up band in the world takes center-stage with this nugget of surfaralacountrified modernism. Fresh off a hot tour with dirty old man **Andre Williams**, the **Sadies** get down to business and promptly kick **Andre** (and their former martyr **Neko Case**) to the curb with an album so good the mullet-heads in lovely, downtown Whalley'll be blasting the speed-up numbers from their Camaros

while the emo kids in **Kits!** be wiping their tears to the slow cuts before you can say Chibougamo, Quebec.

E: Well put, Gene. I think we're gonna have to give *Pure Diamond Gold* our patented "Two Thumbs Up" salute.

S: Come on, Roger, let's get those thumbs way up. Way up, damn it.

E: Certainly worth the old "TUMU!"

S: Wait a second, though, Roger. I thought we only were supposed to review movies! E: Yeah, well, look at you, Mr. Smarty Pants, aren't you supposed to be dead?

gibby peach

SELINA MARTIN AND THE VERTICAL BROTHERS

Space Woman (Selma)

The first time I ever heard **Selina Martin**, I was cruising along, listening to some political activism show on community radio, when they played the song "Mad World" off her new CD with the **Vertical Brothers**. It was unbelievable. I'd never heard anything like it. I pulled the car over, wrote the name down, searched for it, found it, listened to it, loved it again, e-mailed, mail-ordered, received and am now the proud owner of (and yes, I paid for this one). Ever heard of **Bob Wiseman**? Well, he produced while Osborn's experiences and intent are undoubtedly important, the result is not as effective as it should be.

Christa Min

It's folksy, jazzy, weird. Very compelling. Do give a listen. Seriously, why would I fuck with you? What do I have to gain?

Jamaal

SOLEX

Pick Up (Matador)

Amsterdam's arty **Solex** is really named Elisabeth Esselink, and each song on *Pick Up* evolved from imaginary conversations she engaged in whilst on the toilet. I am a potty mouth myself, and I love **Solex**. I mean, the original title for the record was *Bathroom Desires*. Like, tell me about it. Both *Pick Up* and her first release **Solex Vs. the Hiltmeister** were recorded in the basement of Esselink's music store, located in Amsterdam's red light district. Her first album relied on samples from CDs lingering in the bargain bin. To avoid the hassle of clearing each sample, she found musicians to mimic the sounds and recorded that. On *Pick Up*, the instrumental elements are comprised of bootleg recordings that Esselink made on her DAT recorder. She went to jazz

shows, classical shows, pop, blues, hip hop... all was pilaged. The result is indescribable and really, really fun. The music is fun and twisted, the lyrics are fun and twisted, and the song titles are really fun and twisted (my fave: "Dark at 12:00"). **Solex** is exploiting the glory of musical technology, where the identities of audiophiles and instrumentalists are forming hard in basements across the world to create wonder and joy. Pick up *Pick Up*, and slap my ass and call me Sally for making that fucking stupid, yet irresistible pun.

Hancunt & Mr. Hanky

JOHN SOUTHWORTH

Sedona Arizona (Water St./Outside)

Pure genius. Every once in a while a singer/songwriter comes along that smashes your preconceptions about their kind to bits. **John Southworth** is, in my opinion (and I know this could stir up some major controversy), the first Canadian singer/songwriter to accomplish this feat in this decade. The late **Jeff Buckley** is the only person I would currently classify above Southworth in this aforementioned category. Perhaps time might alter this perception, but I doubt it. The **Rheostatics** are closely affiliated with Southworth both artistically and as friends. It is easy to see why: Southworth is like-minded in his wit, musical originality, and astounding ease and complexity of lyric. Southworth's musical ingenuity, which was hinted at in this 1997 debut, belies his current 26 years of age. *Sedona Arizona* adds a new dimension to his musical genius through tunes so catchy you hum them for hours afterwards. Think solo **Lennon** meets **Bowie** in a disco hall on E with a whole bunch of '90s sensibility. Big things are in Southworth's future if he stays the course.

Spike

SPYGLASS

Spyglass (Spyglass)

This self-titled project is the debut EP from a promising up and coming indie band from Seattle. The band combines its pop sensibilities with dark and introspective moments. David Einmo's contributions on guitar have a strong presence throughout, and I can't help but feel that he borrows some of his tricks from some world-famous Irish rock group. Barbara Trentalange's vocals sit comfortably beneath the washing guitars, and her lead piano parts add to the laid-back atmosphere prevalent throughout the album. Trentalange's placid vocals help establish the introspective mood at times, but I found this same placidity failed to anchor my interest for the entire EP. Their website claims that they're coming out with a new album, so I think it'll be more interesting to see how their sound matures for their full length release.

Samuel Kim

ADRIAN UTLEY AND MOUNT VERNON ARTS LAB

Warmminster (Ochre)

It's another one from Bristol, and from Adrian Utley even. This EP/single consists of two 22-minute tracks, and I don't know about you, but I think it had better be good in order to justify such a length. **Warmminster** uses clever, sonic tricks throughout, and you can definitely see Utley's love of movie soundtracks and exotic effects come through. Actually, it seems that most of the track seems to be a supplement to some dark movie that may never be.

The track uses everything from Moogs, vintage analog synths, all the way to radio static, and electronic sound generators (whatever that means). The sounds are all scattered about, and fluidly flow into

each other, so even when the strings and flutes float in, it all seems rather natural. This EP was probably a chance to step away from the things that were done before, so it may leave the faithful fans of **Portishead** somewhat confused. I felt that the arrangement of the song didn't really justify 22 minutes, since I think they could have made the same point to a similar effect in half the time. No, I can't imagine putting this on heavy rotation on my stereo at home, but I think I'll keep it around to impress the friends and scare little children.

Samuel Kim

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Everything Is Nice (Matador)

Oh yeah baby, is it ever fucking nice. Out of the 31 artists on the collection, about half were bands I love, and the other half I had heard of but never heard. Now I love them all! And there's something for everyone! **Yip** heads can rejoice in the biting consciousness of new **Matador** signees **Non Phixion**, whose track pays homage to **Chuck D** and then some. People like me, who can't realize that 1992 is over and cry every time they remember first hearing about the **Pixies** breakup, can roll their heads ecstatically to **Modest Mouse's** "Heart Cools Brain." Every garage rock fan can jump up and down enthusiastically whilst counting along with **Cornelius**. When you're coming down there are some gorgeous and haunting tracks from the lovely and talented **Cat Power**. The list goes on and on. As **Matador** grows and grows, it always remembers the reason why: you and I. That is why they release these great compilations, so you can hear lots of stuff for cheap and become an even happier human.

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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15

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MANEATERS
BEL RIOSE
THE RADIO
THURSDAY, DEC. 16

DEADCATS
RALPH
TRANSVESTIMENTALS
FRIDAY, DEC. 17

THE HANK WILLIAMS TESTIMONIAL:
LINDA MCRAE
LUKE DOUCET
JOHN FORD
RICH HOPE
DOUG ANDREW

SUNDAY, DEC. 19
MIRACLE ON HOMER:
KEVIN

MACKENZIE
IAN SOMERS
LUKE DOUCET
MARK BROWNING
DAN O'CONNELL

FRIDAY, JAN. 7
JAZZBERRY
RAM

THURSDAY, JAN. 13
SEAM
SILKWORM

FRIDAY, JAN. 14
MP3 CONCERT:
BIG COOKIE
COZY BONES

FRIDAY, JAN. 21
PUNCHDRUNK
BRAND NEW UNIT

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my co-pilot • beck • red aunts • c average • nation of uylsses •
refused • can • pamelaa attariwala • guns n roses • li'l kim • the
mothers of invention • bruce haack and esther nelson • kuki •
kate bush • the sound of our friends being tear-gassed down in
seattle • bob marley • millennium project • meshell ndegeocello
• archers of loaf • french paddleboat • the slits • tiger trap

Real Live Action



NOTES FROM THE LAB Saturday, October 23 Sonar

"A unique performance event incorporating urban beat along with movement and theatrics." A tough mandate. A very tough mandate, in my mind. But, luckily, the Video In people were both smart and brave enough to pull this one off. With snazzy (ULTRA COOL!) visuals and amazing DJing by some of our finest locals — **Rocket Girl, Jeet Kei Laung and Jacob Cino** — the night went off successfully.

Performance art is not the easiest thing to sell, especially to West Coasters who are generally far too relaxed to put any effort into anything, let alone a "unique performance event." I think this was the failing of the project — but more on that later.

The whole piece came together very smoothly, both the visuals and the music were greatly in sync and the "theatrics" (which I would have classified as "movement pieces," but that's

because I'm pretentious) worked very well with both. I liked that there was very little narrative form to the whole evening, just an amazing flow of sections and ideas. The dancers were great to watch, and at times, were pulling my TV-addicted brain away from the flashing lights of the screens.

Speaking to some of the performers afterwards, I had a better idea of the whole concept of the piece, which was pretty nebulous to me at the time I walked in. The one thing they wanted that didn't really work out so well was the blurring of audience and performer spaces and identities — which, in my mind deserves an ENTIRE event to itself. It's hard to break down those sorts of boundaries when we are continuously being pushed into those categories. "I am the performer. You watch me," is one of the many mantras of this century.

I think that conundrum was further compounded by an audi-

ence that was fairly unwilling to engage in that sort of post-structuralist discourse. I don't think half of the audience realised they were part of a show (granted, it was at Sonar, on a Saturday night), which I think is really sad. Any sort of performance art piece is not for the masses, I think you have to be knowledgeable about the subject and read into the work as much as you want. And if the majority of the audience is not willing to deconstruct and participate in an event based on those specific ideals and principals, then it's not going to go very far.

That's not to say Notes From the Lab didn't go very far. It did. I thought it was an awesome event that broached a lot of subjects, and was both stimulating and enjoyable. But the criticism lies with the apathetic audience.

Anthony Monday

**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
DENNIS BOVELL DUB
BAND**

Monday, October 25 Sonar

Dub poetry. **Johnson** is a legend in this field of oral recitation and improvisation that combines poetry, dub beats, and a political ethic into a sort of prototypical rap Beat poetry. The crowd for this show was incredibly diverse, reminding me of a folk festival meets 1991 Lollapalooza meets 1992 rave. Hippies to suits, yuppies to young 'uns like me who weren't even born when LK was busy publishing and protesting the conditions in Britain for people of colour and the rights of workers. Yet he is not solely focused on his political message. It is, after all, his incredible skill as a poet, a crafter of word-sound, that has earned him his legendary status.

The show: a mesmerising trip into meaning and reason. Meaning for life, reason to keep fighting. To try and keep up with the creative spirit of LK, like he was daring you to do what he was saying, to get out there. Poetry should change things inside. Music is a soft of poetry. LK combines these two elements to change a lot of things inside. This was a personal relationship. **The Dennis Bovell Dub Band** warmed up with their incredible talent, establishing a rapport with the crowd. LK

talked to the crowd, explaining himself, open, calm, cool — but a fiery interior working its way out through words, finally revealed when he took off his sunglasses after the last... track? Piece? Experience. An experience it was, a night not to forget.

Tobias

SILENCE DESCENDS Wednesday, October 27 Western Front

Silence Descends is a novel by George Case, set in the year 2500, which looks back at the decline of the information age, a descent beginning in the present day.

Silence Descends is also a CD by several local visual and audio artists: a cacophonous plunge into our future.

Silence Descends was performed at the Western Front on October 27th utilising choreography, film, and music as a means of interpreting the novel's ideas and presenting the CD's auditory reworking of Case's apocalyptic vision.

The evening began in darkness. Two performers emerged, headlamps shining from their brows, reading monotonously into steel buckets, solidly walking through the audience like new-age minor druids. Much to the attentive audience's annoyance, cell phones of inconsider-

ate watchers interrupted the speakers' sermon. Not only did these "patrons" have the audacity to leave their ringers on; they proceeded to talk over the text being performed. Before I could mute the nearest chatterbox with a swift kick to the larynx, I stopped and realized that this was in fact a part of the performance and an integral one at that. That the current cultural noise of Fido™ and all of its cohorts marks "the beginning of the end" is not difficult to embrace.

A scrim dropped to the floor. As different rhythms, colors, and sounds coursed through the room, three dancers behind the sheet were intermittently illuminated by four-second flashes that captured their arch and changing poses in eerie shadow tableaux of silent form. Downright beautiful.

A lone figure wearing an accordion, a caricature fright mask, and garb that Leo Gorcey would be proud to don, announced in a calm, neutral voice the necessary failure and ultimate destruction of our crazed over-dependence on technology and information.

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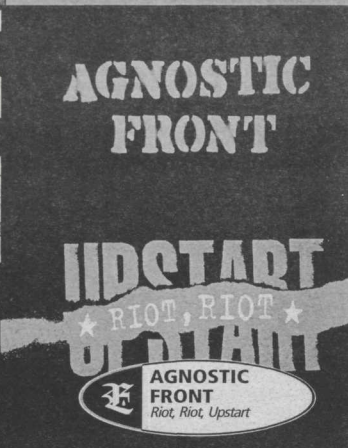
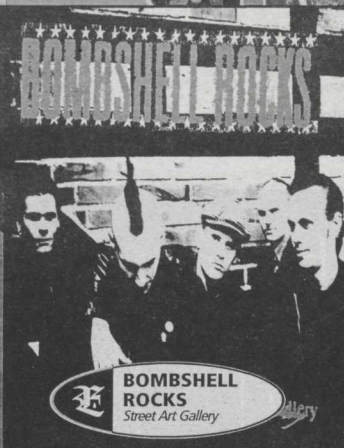
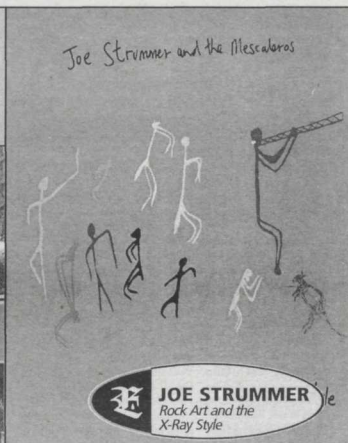
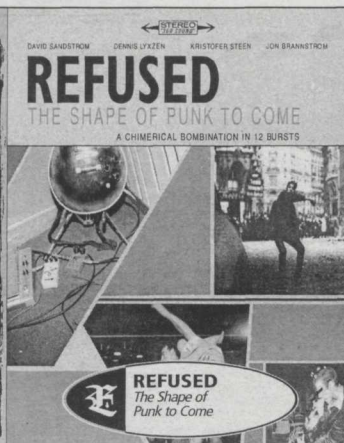


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Then, removing the mask, she proceeded to play, assisted by another performer improvising on several wooden flutes. A mournful duet ensued, perhaps a requiem for our impending funeral if we rely on technology too much? Behind the two, a wall-sized screen showed real-time images of their movements layered with a multicoloured delay. Wow, man. I thought I quit acid a loonin'g time ago...

The fourth and final installment was seven minutes or so of mute film. Silent images of fields, skies, more skies, ceropelons, and clouds ethereally haunted

Still, I managed to commit some hozy bits of the concert to memory for all those poor indie rockers who were unfortunate enough to miss seeing their god wine out his tunes to an adoring audience.

After playing "count the horn-rimmed glasses" for about twenty minutes, I was relieved to see **The Birthday Machine** clamor on stage. They were a good opener, providing the mildly responsive audience with background music which would have been appreciated as sensitive and creative if only the fools had been paying attention. The band members' sugary voices

Bomb, by far the most captivating band of the night (sorry Joel). The entertaining duo rocked out; they genuinely looked like they were having fun, and, as a result, the audience seemed to be really enjoying themselves for the first time that night.

Joel Phelps took his sweet fucking time getting to the stage. A waiter even teased me about looking like I was just about prepared to pack it in. His set began well after midnight, and most of his devoted adherents seemed ready to die before their master appeared. Or maybe that was just me. Anyway,



joel r.l. phelps @ brickyard.
photo by ann concalves

the screen. A hushed room watched these fluid images tensely, scared to breathe and break the taut fixity of the room. Then the air fell into darkness again while the "soundtrack" for the previous images jarred the audience with a hypnotic drone. The effect was a metaphor for complete societal disorientation, an artwork out of synch, a divorce of sight and sound. Silence descends indeed.

Note to Western Front: if, out of consideration for the health and enjoyment of other audience members, we have to refrain from smoking, could you ask people not to bring in giant dogs that bark along with the performance and seat them next to allergic people? Or maybe that was part of the performance? I'm kind of new to this "art" thing.

Luke Mead

JOEL R.L. PHELPS AND THE DOWNER TRIO
JERK WITH A BOMB
SLOW FRESH OIL
THE BIRTHDAY MACHINE
Saturday, November 6
The Brickyard

When I got to the Brickyard that evening, I was so tired that even my very favourite band couldn't have kept my head off the table.

complemented their flossy girl-pop admirably — I just wish I could have heard the backing vocals. I also wish that they had looked like they actually wanted to be on stage because I wasn't at all convinced they did. I was sorry to see them leave, not only because I enjoyed the performance, but because they were quickly followed by the atrocity that was **Slow Fresh Oil**.

"Oh... my... God" is a gentle euphemism. The arrogance of the band was palpable, and left me wondering "Why?" There was little to nothing for them to be proud about. Arguably the best or the worst "cowpunk," the most memorable thing about the fellow, abrasive noise that they passed for their set was that one of the band members mysteriously donned a long shaggy wig which covered his face for the bulk of the performance. They were the only band that night, as my friend pointed out, who actually elicited audience heckling. And well deserved it was. Keep up the good work with those cow-bells, boys. At this point I closed my eyes, put my head back on the table, and actually tried to fall asleep.

That move turned out to be a mistake, because I missed a good deal of **Jerk With A**

despite the fact that I got the feel of the indie rock ditty himself wouldn't even have faced the audience if the microphone hadn't been at the front of the stage, as well as the massive technical difficulties which scared the crap out of everyone around 1:30 am, Phelps put on a very moving show, somewhat reflective of his ethereal reputation. He whinged out his melodies earnestly over an hour; we watched his fingers move across his frets with overwrought eyes, and most audience members, although exhausted to the point of cross-eyes, went home fairly satisfied after hearing the strains of the holy indie spirit.

alia

THE BORODIN QUARTET
WITH LUBA LEBINA:
The Music of Dmitri Shostakovich
Tuesday, November 9
Vancouver Playhouse

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THE ORIGINAL KLASSIX NIGHT
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WEDNESDAY

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THURSDAY

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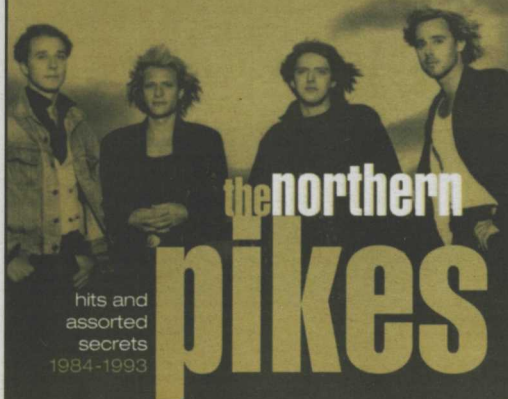
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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

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**CRAFTSMAN
TATTOOS**



awed by their brilliant, if somewhat mopey, performance. Only cellist Valentin Berlinsky, the last original member, seemed happy to be there. Perhaps they felt Shostakovich's specific zeitgeist of Stalinist Russia would be wasted on our comparatively less-than-West Coast. The crew was in fact on them, as storytellers of a sort, to render the atmosphere in question transparent.

They succeeded. It was not a dramatic outpouring. The Borodin Quartet had a reserve indicative of the restraint necessary to survive the paranoid death-trap Joseph Stalin created.

Beginning with Shostakovich's "String Quartet No. 4 in D major, Op. 83," gritty, melancholic accuracy pervaded the evening. From 1949, this quartet was short and simple, neither raw nor elegant. The idiom was not radical, such as the music heard further west, or merely symptomatic of a feisty urban composer. It worked with blunt melodic material, which was reworked in different ways that gradually ascended from an unsophisticated, state-celebrating chamber work to

something very ethereal. In the third movement, all the parts relinquished their conventional place in the quartet range to a high register, wherein a lyric canon modulated and were to ache with a primordial intensity that would not have met with unqualified state approval. Its ascent suggested a vision of musical aspirations that were higher and less conventional

than what the Russian state believed in. The way in which this wonderful third movement was approached was probably part of what kept the composer (relatively) out of trouble. That, and the final movement, which fell like a brick into conventional modes of state-controlled string quartet behavior. The stone-faced quartet did not give much away, failing to appear

transported to hopeful delight, which was no doubt necessary when the work was premiered in Moscow. To visibly identify with state subversion was to put oneself at risk.

The second and final quartet of the first half, "No. 8 in C minor, Op. 110" was written in 1960, well after Stalin's death. While the influence of government on artists was still terrible, for Shostakovich the worst of state oppression was behind him. This quartet worked with many more techniques, expressing a terrible sadness for all that had happened in World War II. Shostakovich first heard this quartet in his own home, performed by the Borodin Quartet. For listeners, this work was more easily appreciated because it was not written in a specific code to protect the players and the composer. Perhaps this was the sort of consideration the ensemble appeared to feel would be lost on the audience.

The second half included Ms. Edina for the composer's "Piano Quintet in G minor, Op. 57." Written in 1940, it represents a completely different preoccupation for Shostakovich: his love for the piano. It was awarded the Stalin Prize, a coveted award for composition, and ironic in hindsight because Stalin was exactly the sort of culture thug Shostakovich disliked.

It might have included some compromises (it did get him out of a jam over a controversial opera he had written), but its sound was less political than the first half of the concert. It sounded like a brilliant young composer's infatuation with the piano. When it was done the audience leapt to tender a standing ovation, which seemed to annoy the players. It is not common for an audience to go away with a feeling that there's just no pleasing some people.

John Keillor

BUZZCOCKS DOWN BY LAW LUNCHICKS

Friday, November 12

Starfish Room

What do you get when you mix glam girl NYC punk and straight-ahead SoCal punk with the best in Olde English punk-pop? Why, you get the 1999 Go-Kart Punk Tour, of course. And what a tour it is. The **Lunachicks**, **Down By Law** and the **Buzzcocks** could all fill the Starfish Room by themselves [okay, maybe not the **Lunachicks**], and here they were on one bill. So throngs of astute Vancouver punks saved their hardly-earned pennies and filled the 'fish in expectation of a raucous event. Everything was in its place: screens were put up in front of the stage, security was bolstered, the merch booth teemed with over-priced goods, mohawks stood at attention, beer flowed, leather and vinyl glistened, and two generations of punks rubbed their hands in punkasmic glee. We were ready to go!

First up was the **Lunachicks**. The girls who steal lunch money from the next door class, this fear-some foursome is notorious for its tight jams, its tattoos and its toxic shock humour. They arrived on-stage in matching vinyl cheerleader outfits, screamed "Step right up!" a few times and then launched into a speedy set of high-octane pop-core. While Goddess Cleo belted out snaky up-tempo tunes like "Luxury Problem," "Crash" and "Candi gave 'Don't Want You,'" guitarist Sindi pogoed, bassist Squid snarled, and new drummer Helen Destroy banged the skins in relative obscurity. These New York dolls hollered, skanked, and clowning until lipstick smudged their teeth and mascara ran down their cheeks. If they looked ghoulish before, they looked downright terrifying now. And the crowd loved it: middle-aged punks bumped belatedly in the pit while daddy's little girls sang along in front. Great set.

Up next was **Down By Law**. DBL has been around the punk block a few times; Dave Smalley and company have been playing angry mid-tempo political punk since 1982. So then why did their set suck? Well, terrible sound mixing had something to do with it. DBL's strengths lie in its smart lyrics and anthemic choruses, and with Smalley's stirring vocals drowned in fuzz, great songs like "Punk As Fuck," "Last Brigade" and "Gruesome Gary" were merely mediocre. Still, the crowd didn't seem to mind; they moshed, sang and waved their hands in the air like they just didn't care. The disappointing set was capped off with a disappointing version of the **Proclaimers'** "500 Miles." All in all, disappointing.

Maybe DBL's poor sound was designed to make the **Buzzcocks** sound even better, because the crisp, clear guitars, drums and vocals of the legendary quartet sounded more heavenly than **Handel's** Hallejuah Chorus. Original members Pete Shelley and Steve Tiggle blasted through faves "I Don't Mind," "Why Can't I Touch It?," "What Do I Get?" and "I Believe," and the crowd went absolutely bananas. So enamored were some fans, in fact, that they couldn't help bashing their fists into their neighbours' faces — the result

being a steady stream of bloodied bizzos bounced from the 'fish by their hair. Bassist Tony Barber, unimpressed by the drunken hijinx, jumped into the crowd — guitar and all — and did some punning of his own. Of course, the bedlam did nothing but charged past atmosphere. The few remaining songs took on an added intensity as Shelley wailed into the mic, Barber sneered and cussed, and Diggle trashed his guitar. After a brief encore, the **Buzzcocks** mocked the rambunctious Vancouver crowd by shadow-boxing their way out the door. Yowza! What a show!

Jamie MacLaren

ARCHER PREWITT THE SECRET THREE Saturday, November 13 Starfish Room

I must warn you that I have not looked forward to a show this much in about a year: I had high expectations that left me a little disappointed, but glad I went. I hadn't seen the opening band, the **Secret Three**, before. They were quite smooth, scruffy and accomplished. Surrounded by conversing friends, the music made me feel alone. Seamless and energetic in the quietest way. Did I mention they're instrumental? Dreamy and soundscape, they were a fitting opening band. Which really is the only con about the **Secret Three** — their influences are blatantly obvious. (See: **Tortoise**, **Sea & Cake** and splinters thereof.) But soooooo nice to listen to.

After a short intermission, **Prewitt** and his band came on with muted vocals and an overpowering wall of sound. Maybe it's because I've always listened to him during the quiet moments of my life that I found the live performance too loud. But after a wide assortment of technical difficulties, **Prewitt** managed to stay on track and wow the audience enough to receive fierce applause at the end of every song.

The fullness and strength in the music was amazing. I long to see what he could accomplish with a full orchestra backing him up. The trumpet/keyboard player added so much to the set. With four or five rock 'n' tunes to boot out the dreariness of outside, **Prewitt** played with passion. Most of the songs were from his new CD, *White Sky*, which was kind of unexpected. I love his first CD, *In the Sun*, and I

even more real live action on page 31...
yes, we're going kind of overboard.



lunachicks @ starfish room.
photo by patrick hemingway

plus de top ten lists.

Evan Symons' Top Ten Local Shows

- ★ THE RADIO, DJ LAZLO @ the Good Jacket
- ★ JULY 4TH TOILET @ the Columbia
- ★ Belinda's last show with MI NOVIA
- ★ PET FAIRIES, New Year's Eve
- ★ VEAL @ the Railway Club
- ★ JACK TRIPPER on Thunderbird Radio Hell
- ★ FULL SKETCH @ the Lotus
- ★ RADIOGRAM, FOND OF TIGERS @ the Sugar Refinery
- ★ UNCLEAN WIENER with blown amps @ the Anza
- ★ THERMOS @ the Railway Club

THE JAZZ SHOW

- Monday, 9pm - 12 midnight
- ★ CHARLES MINGUS the complete Atlantic recordings 1956-1961
- ★ GATO BARBERI *Latino America*
- ★ MILES DAVIS *Miles Smiles*
- ★ CHARLES MINGUS the complete 1959 Columbia recordings
- ★ JOHN COLTRANE the complete Impulse

studio recordings

- ★ SONNY ROLLINS *At the Village Vanguard*
- ★ MILES DAVIS *Live-Evil*
- ★ LIONEL HAMPTON WITH OSCAR PETERSON *Quartets and Quintets*
- ★ KEITH JARRETT, GARY PEACOCK, JACK DEJOHNETTE *Tokyo '96*
- ★ ERIC DOLPHY *Outward Bound* Prestige 50th Anniversary Re-Issue

THE ETHER TABLE: Top Ten Musicians I'm Going To Marry Wednesday, Noon-1pm

- ★ Mike Paradinas
- ★ Radio Tragedy
- ★ Jhon Balance
- ★ Sharon Topper
- ★ Andi Sex Gang
- ★ Robin Rimbaud
- ★ Mick Harris
- ★ David Tibet
- ★ The cute one from NEGATIVLAND
- ★ Rachel Carns

top ten crazy

THE SELFISH SHOW: The Only Good Things

About 1999

Tuesday, 1-2pm

- ✦ JOEL R.L. PHELPS AND THE DOWNER TRIO, live
- ✦ JOEL R.L. PHELPS *Blackbird*
- ✦ FUGAZI *Instrument OST*
- ✦ Dave Carmie, *Big Brother Magazine*
- ✦ MARC RIBOT *Yo! I Killed Your God!*
- ✦ Geist Magazine, Issue #33
- ✦ MARK Chocolate *Covered Bad Things*
- ✦ THE EX, live
- ✦ E Minor (the chord)
- ✦ DJ SPICE VS. DE LA SOUL *DJ Spice/De La Soul*

Evan Symons' Top Ten Local CDs

- ✦ ZOLTY *Horny Astronaut*
- ✦ MARK Chocolate *Covered Bad Things*
- ✦ DESTROYER *City of Daughters*
- ✦ JERK WITH A BOMB *Death to False Metal*
- ✦ VEAL *Tilt O Whirl*
- ✦ VEDA HILLE *You Do Not Live in this World Alone*
- ✦ MOTORAMA *Rocket Powder*
- ✦ CLOVER HONEY *Clover Honey*
- ✦ THE SILENT TREATMENT *Splitsville or Bust*
- ✦ THIRD EYE TRIBE *Wub-Suffer*

CAUGHT IN THE RED

Friday, 8-10am

- ✦ THE LORD HIGH FIXERS *Is Your Club a Secret Weapon?*
- ✦ APRIL MARCH *Chrominance Decoder*
- ✦ MOBY *Play*
- ✦ THE SATELLITES *Shake! Shake! Shake!*
- ✦ PRETTY THINGS (Reissues on Snapper)
- ✦ THE GIMMICKS *Dirty Little Lies*
- ✦ THE CATHETERS *The Kid Knows How to Rock*
- ✦ Getting alcohol poisoning at Viva Las Vegas Fest
- ✦ Garage Shock '99
- ✦ Hit List Magazine

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

Monday, 8-11am

- ✦ STEREO LAB *Cobra And Phases Group...*
- ✦ VARIOUS *The New Latinaires*
- ✦ DANIEL LE DUC *Le Voyage d'Hiver*
- ✦ VARIOUS *Osmosis*
- ✦ MAZEGUIDER *Battle Songs For Babylon*
- ✦ NIGHTMARES ON WAX *Carboot Soul*
- ✦ LEGION OF GREEN MEN *Floating in Shallow Water*
- ✦ UNITED FUTURE ORGANIZATION *Bon Voyage*
- ✦ URSULA 1000 *The New Sounds of Ursula 1000*
- ✦ TO ROCOCO ROT *The Amateur View*

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missed that tour, or rather I should say Prewitt missed us. It should've also been in a much smaller venue. And would somebody explain to me why people go to shows to socialize? That's what clubs are for. Shut up already! Go home!

Despite all these things, it was a beautiful set. I didn't notice the time go by, nor did I spend it wishing I were at home listening to the flawless CD. The encore was acoustic and accomplished what it set out to do, its haunting memory engraving its melody in my head to *White Sky* stays in my CD player for a long time.

Robin

**BIG BAD VOODOO
DADDY
BLUE HAWAIIANS
Monday, November 15
Commodore Ballroom**

I've heard from a number of people that the swing scene in Vancouver has pretty much disappeared. That maybe true, but you certainly wouldn't have realized that if you were one of the 1000 people who were at the sold-out **Big Bad Voodoo Daddy** concert at the new Commodore Ball Room.

The show opened up with **The Blue Hawaiians**. I guess you could best describe them as **Chris Isaak** from Hawaii. Now, that's definitely not a bad thing. They were great. I just don't think the were the most appropriate band to open up for Big Bad Voodoo Daddy. The kids wanted to swing from the second they got in the club. Some even swung while waiting in line to get in. The Blue Hawaiians don't swing; if anything, they surf.

The dancers got their first taste of swing during the intermission. The Blue Lizard Dancers did a fantastic demonstration. This really got everyone's swing motors going.

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy has come a long way since their last two appearances here in Vancouver. They've appeared on Jay Leno, been in a few movies, even played in front of 80,000 people at the half-time Super Bowl show. So playing the Commodore might seem like a step down for the guys, but after talking with singer Scotty Morris, he'd much rather play in a small venue. The one thing they had over the last two Richard's on Richards shows was a larger stage. Of course they all took full advantage of that by parading and jumping around. The energy they all had was amazing. The only time they stopped was when audience members would buy Scotty Gin and Tonics. The nine members each took turns doing some kind of solo with each of



joel r.l. phelps being sensitive.
photo by ann gonzales

**KILLER KELA
Monday, November 22
Sonar**

Holy shit. I pity da foo' who missed this show. I mean, I like hip-hop, although I am not the most knowledgeable sort about

their instruments. While the total set was 16 songs, it seemed like every few minutes there was a solo. The highlight of the show was definitely "Jump with my Baby". The horn section decided to jump onto the crowded dance floor and parade around for about five minutes. The audience ate it up and for good reason.

By the time the show came to an end the crowd was still rarin' and ready for more. After the band left the stage they all let them know weren't done by shouting the signature "Go Daddy.O." Within a few minutes they were back, but with a problem. For some reason there was no power. The emergency lights kept the stage lit, but that was it. Now some bands would have said sorry that's it, some bands may have tried to do something, but Big Bad Voodoo Daddy seemed to use the power outage as an advantage. They played a fantastic, unplugged, audience-participated encore that I sure won't soon be forgotten.

If you're down at the all-new Commodore Ballroom in the next few weeks, I'm sure the floor will still be bouncing from this show.

Gary Olsen

**DJ VADIM
MR. THING
BLU RUM 13**

it. And I really like turntablist skills, knowing a bit more about that. And I like good production, and I also know a bit about that. And I don't know anything about beatboxing — but holy shit. Let me gather my mind... done. It's still reeling.

**Killer Kela and
Blu Rum 13**

got on the mics and started wanking jokes with their British accents. Kela is this pimply-faced boyish guy, and Rum 13 is a dreaded brotha. Some people were going, "What the fuck, not another lame hip-hop show." Then I noticed Vadim behind the decks with Mr. Thing mouthing what the MCs were going to say, and they both kept laughing at what the two MCs were doing. The crowd played along. And for good reason,

because over the course of an hour, complete with intense bouts of 2x4 madness from the two DJs, Vadim and Thing, and tag-team freestyle rap versus beat-boxing from Rum 13 and Kela, the crowd was literally

screaming with slack jaws. I mean, Mr. Thing pulled off a DMC beatjuggle set that made tongues lap around wet ankles. I mean, Blu Rum 13 pulled off a freestyle that was imminent and on. I mean, Vadim played the bass with his pitch slider. I mean, Killer Kela — KILLER KELA — did a JUNGLE beatbox track. He did DNB. With his mouth. I closed my eyes and could not tell the difference. In fact, when he and Mr. Thing went head-to-head, real scratching sounds versus mouthed ones, it sounded like a DMC 2x4. Hang on, I'm getting shivers. All right. Let's just say Rahzel has a run for his money. Brilliant. The skills are alive in some quarters of the world. If the **Scratch Perverts** ever come to town, drop everything to see them. Ditto for all those hip-hop 'meisters. It's nice to see artists with skills.

Tobias

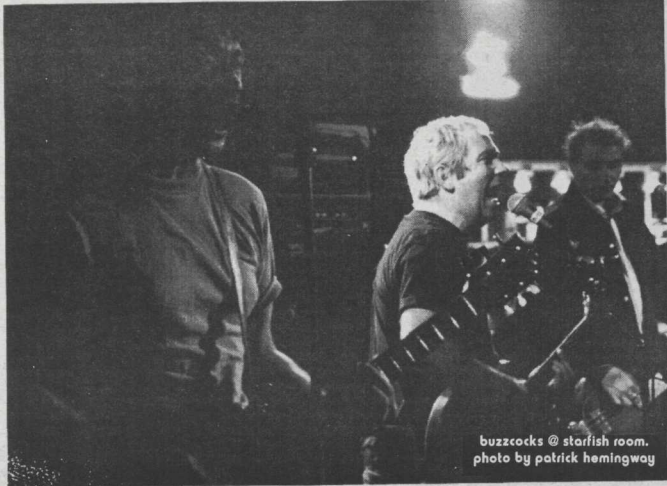
**THE MUFFS
THE GROOVIE GHOULES
HISSEY FIT
Saturday, November 20
The Brickyard**

I suck so bad. Because I was sitting in my sweetie's Honda with Meat and his companion, singing all the words to **Modest Mouse's** "Heart Cooks Brain" and smoking pot, I only caught the last two songs of **Hissey Fit's** set. And I was sorry, because it sounded really good, like good old fashioned girl rock n' roll, the kind I know and love. Next time the local trio plays I'll make sure I score ahead of time.

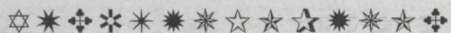
Waiting for the **Groovie Ghoules** to play, in line at the

bar, we all started coughing and feeling the urge to mawl and puke. At first we just assumed it was the typical Brickyard cancer cloud causing our pain; but when our throats started to itch and our eyes began to burn we tried to leave the bar. We were informed at that time that someone outside of the bar had been pepper sprayed, and that we were better off inside. That was just a whiff, shit, but it was our first taste of what may be awaiting those heading to Seattle to protest the WTO. Fucking nasty. Nasty, nasty, nasty. Back to the music. The Ghoules were relentless, rocking like Dennis Hopper up Frank Booth-style on a double dose of nitrous oxide — only a little more friendly-like. I seriously enjoyed the Ghoules, especially their brand new drummer. She hit hard and heavy with the power that comes from owning a pair a tits. Go Girl Go! And the **Muffs**! In between songs, they shared their impressions of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside (they had never visited before) and expressed their surprise at not seeing **Courtney Love** trying to score smack outside. The Muffs kicked ass. Meat and Mo and I danced around a lot; but I must confess, having never seen the Muffs live before nor studied their music in depth, I can't really pass comment on how they played compared to other tours, or what the new album is like in comparison with old. Basically, I am uninformed. But hey, it's a **DISORDER** tradition!!!

Hancunt



buzzcocks @ starfish room.
photo by patrick hemingway



everything's working out perfectly. we're in the list-making spirit here in the freezing cold DISORDER office.

i bring handclaps to the world!
joyeux noël?



Ten Things To Do When Caught in a Moment of Mass Hysteria or Personal Reflection on the eve of just another day...

- ♣ (anonymous)
- ♣ Ask yourself why there are [fill in the blank] in the world
- ♣ Note the choice of footwear within a 3 person radius about yourself
- ♣ Realize that you forgot to flush the toilet at your boyfriend/girlfriend's house after a millennial dump
- ♣ Smile, because you may never see so many simultaneously smiling faces ever again
- ♣ Kiss someone, anyone, it's a guarantee they'll kiss you back
- ♣ Fight someone, anyone, it's a guarantee you may start the riot
- ♣ Hope the world does come to an end because you'll never live down #8
- ♣ Fall into the fetal position, you will either be successful in shielding yourself or successful in getting yourself crushed, either way it'll be a surreal experience!
- ♣ Imagine what someone who has lived in a jungle their whole life is doing, that's right, taking shelter with their family, from the rain, just like every other friend...
- ♣ Hide, just hide. Maybe midnight won't find you.

And if it does, you'll wonder why that cheap flight home on New Years Eve was such a good idea.

SKA-T'S SCENE:K DRIVE Friday, 10am-Noon

- ♣ KINGPINS Let's Go To Work
- ♣ DAVID HILYARD AND THE ROCKSTEADY 7 Playlist
- ♣ SKANDALOUS ALLSTARS Age of Insects
- ♣ PLANET SMASHERS Life of the Party
- ♣ VARIOUS Roots, Branch, and Stem Vol.2
- ♣ THE CHINKEES Peace Through Music
- ♣ FREETOWN Painless
- ♣ SKATALITS AND FRIENDS At Randy's
- ♣ PERSIANA JONES Puerto Hurraco
- ♣ PIETASTERS Awesome Mix Tape #6

VENGEANCE IS MINE! Monday, midnight-3am

- ♣ 30 FOOT TALL Ever Revolving, Never Evolving
- ♣ THE LILLINGTONS Death by Television
- ♣ FOUR LETTER WORD Zero Visibility
- ♣ RESET No Limits
- ♣ A.F.I. Black Sails in the Sunset
- ♣ ALL All
- ♣ ENEMY YOU Where No One Knows My Name
- ♣ DOGPASS Eine Kleine Punkmusik
- ♣ TEEN IDOLS Pucker Up
- ♣ VARIOUS Four on the Floor
- ♣ Runners up: ANTI-FLAG,

LUNACHICKS, DIESEL BOY

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES Tuesday, 11:30am-1pm

- ♣ GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR Live @ Starfish Room
- ♣ SHELLAC Live @ Starfish Room
- ♣ BUILT TO SPILL: Keep It Like A Secret
- ♣ GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR Slow Riot For New Zero Kanada
- ♣ JAMES BROWN Live @ Queen Elizabeth Theatre
- ♣ THE ROOTS Things Fall Apart
- ♣ THE BLACK HEART PROCESSION 2
- ♣ NORTH OF AMERICA These Songs Are Cursed
- ♣ THE RYE COALITION The Lipstick Game
- ♣ Dawson's Creek: 1998/99's extra-cheesy TV season

SHITMIX

- ♣ Friday, Midnight-3am
- ♣ SELINA MARTIN AND THE VERTICAL BROTHERS Space Woman
- ♣ WEEN Painting the Town Brown
- ♣ MAKE UP Save Yourself
- ♣ SUPERSUCKERS How the Supersuckers Became...
- ♣ JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION Arnie
- ♣ FLASHLIGHT Running Season
- ♣ G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAVAGE Philadelphonic
- ♣ CHRIS ROCK Bigger and

Blacker
♣ GANG STARR Full Clip
♣ NEW BOMB TURKS The Big Combo

RADIO SATYRICON

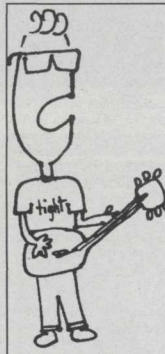
- ♣ Thursday, 11pm-1am
- ♣ DJ CHEB I SABBABH Shri Durga
- ♣ DAVID SYLVAIN Dead Bees On A Cake
- ♣ FRYERTUCK Soft Favourites of Yesterday and Today
- ♣ DAVE DOUGLAS Charms Of The Night Sky
- ♣ CAETANO VELOSO Livro
- ♣ BILL FRISELL Good Dog, Happy Man
- ♣ THE CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA Motion
- ♣ LTJ BUEK The Progression Sessions
- ♣ GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR Slow Riot For New Zero Kanada
- ♣ MILES DAVIS The Complete Bitches Brew Sessions (Re-issue)

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

- ♣ Tuesday, 9:30-11:30am
- ♣ Buffy the Vampire Slayer
- ♣ Local Rock 'N Roll (BLACK HALOS, SPITFIRE, HELL CAMINOS et al.)
- ♣ THE FEVERS Show! 7"
- ♣ BULEMICKS Old Enough to Know Better
- ♣ BANTAM ROOSTER live @ Pic
- ♣ Las Vegas Grind '99
- ♣ TRICKY WOO Sometimes I Cry/Live
- ♣ DONNAS Strutter 7"

♣ TIGHT BROS FROM WAY BACK WHEN Runnin' Thru...
♣ TURBONEGRO Apocalypse Dudes

Shaw's Top Ten Hot Date Activities in Vancouver



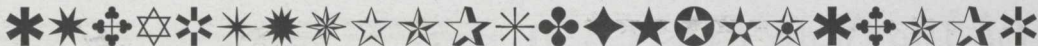
- ♣ Vancouver Airport for some Wayne and Garth-style plane watching. Recline and enjoy.
- ♣ The drive-in — bench seats are a plus for this hot activity.
- ♣ UBC Observatory on a night it ain't open to the general public — lots of dials and knobs to turn.
- ♣ Shopping spree — preferably at somewhere like "Claire's."
- ♣ The smallest salmon stream in the lower

- mainland on the Musqueam reserve — just try and spot a salmon.
- ♣ Boon County in Maillardville — the cheesiest country bar of all time. You and your date will soon realise how lucky you are to be you.
- ♣ UBC Martial Arts Exhibition or any Muay Thai boxing tournament. Trust me — HOT!
- ♣ A search for Stanley Park's rumoured lost cemetery. We dare you to find it.
- ♣ A free-paced game of "DESTINATION RANDOMIZER" — you need a car and rules (ie. Water means turn left, a park means head north until you see the next church, etc. A great way to waste time and gas).
- ♣ Finn Slough — Richmond's ghost-town somewhere near Steveston. Cruising for chicks.

PIRATE RADIO

- ♣ Monday, 7:30-9:00pm
- ♣ PAN SONIC A
- ♣ GOEM Dertig CM
- ♣ POLE 2
- ♣ FLUXION Largo
- ♣ GAS Konigsfort
- ♣ PORTER RICKS/TECHNO ANIMAL Symiotics
- ♣ MIMIC + THE MODEL Untitled
- ♣ PULSE PROGRAMMING Untitled
- ♣ LOW Secret Name
- ♣ BASEMENT JAXX Remedy





NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

Friday 3:30-4:00pm

- ♣ People — the support I received during my hospital "visit" was absolutely incredible! All the cards, e-mails, visits and gifts totally helped me through a difficult time! Thanks so much! I'll never forget you!
- ♣ Local Releases — tons of great stuff lots from bands such as THE CHICK MAGNETS, SPITFIRES, JUNGLE, JERK WITH A BOMB, HELL CAMINOS, VICTORIAN PORK, HOOKERS OF FIRE, RIFF-RANDELLS, WISCRACK, BURDEN, DISSENT, The Transiberian and Crusty Compilations, RADIO BERLIN, ELECTROSONICS, JENSEN FIT, DBS, JPS, DESTROYER, SOPHISTOS, and way more! Go Vancouver Go!
- ♣ FLASH BASTARD signing to Nikki Sixx's (!!!) record label and getting kicked off the MÖTLEY CRÜE/SCORPIONS tour!
- ♣ THE SADDLESORES playing a song for Lisa-Marie Presley in Los Angeles!
- ♣ THE BLACK HALOS getting flown to England to play a party for legendary metal magazine KERRANG!
- ♣ BIF NAKED on the Tonight Show! From the Cruel Elephant to Jay Leno! Wydel!
- ♣ The Java Joint in Surrey — finally a club for all-ages rock action!
- ♣ The Drippy Gazette — a super-duper new local rock/comics/culture/what ever you want it to be mag helmed by Rob and Blaine!
- ♣ Seven Segment — keeping the all ages flame alive in Vancouver through many a happening gig.
- ♣ CTR winning the referendum at UBC! What does this mean? You'll be able to hear CTR and read

DISORDER for many years to come!

- ♣ can come and do your own
- ♣ Sex, baby, sex
- ♣ What else are you going to listen to?
- ♣ Narduar the Human

- ♣ without being a student or an employee
- ♣ Aldus PageMaker 5.0
- ♣ Adobe PageMaker 6.5
- ♣ when someone stands on

- ♣ Hippies
- ♣ Junkies
- ♣ Yuppies
- ♣ Teetotalin' liquor laws
- ♣ NDP
- ♣ Rollerblades
- ♣ Rain
- ♣ Hippies
- ♣ Surrey
- ♣ Eventually it's gonna sink into the Pacific anyways

- ♣ People are learning that I'm not as "indie rock" as they'd like to think.
- ♣ I have new friends who hang out other places than the citr lounge!
- ♣ Barbara doesn't think my drawings stink.
- ♣ Soon I will rule the station again!

POLK OASIS

Wednesday, 9:10-10:30pm



- ♣ GUY CLARK *Cold Dog Soup*
- ♣ THE GOARDS *Ghosts of Hallelujah*
- ♣ KELLY JOE PHELPS *Shine Eyed Mr. Zen*
- ♣ OH SUSANNA *Johnstown*
- ♣ BLACKIE AND THE RODEO *KINGS Kings of Love*
- ♣ BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB *Presents Ibrahim Ferrer*
- ♣ CESARIA EVORA *Café Atlantico*
- ♣ RON SEXSMITH *Whereabouts*
- ♣ SUSAN CROWE *Pilgrim's Mirror*
- ♣ BRAVE COMBO *Polkasonic*

- ♣ Serviette — still absorbant after all these years
- ♣ You won't get hit by the Venga Bus
- ♣ You can say "unt" on the air
- ♣ The Lone Rocker
- ♣ Mel

DJ Hancunt's top ten jazz albums to listen to while coming down from an acid trip

- ♣ BILL EVANS *Live at the Village Vanguard*
- ♣ BETTY CARTER *Inside Betty Carter*
- ♣ MAX ROACH, CHARLES MINGUS & DUKE ELLINGTON *Money Jungle*
- ♣ MILES DAVIS *Kind of Blue*
- ♣ FLORA PURIM *Butterfly Dreams*
- ♣ ALICE COLTRANE *A Love Supreme*
- ♣ SHIRLEY HORN *You Won't Forget Me*
- ♣ NINA SIMONE *After Hours*
- ♣ THELONIOUS MONK *Monk's Dream*
- ♣ BRAD MEHLDAU *The Art of the Trio Volume III*

Top Ten Hated Things by Tristan

- ♣ courier (the font)
- ♣ poorly scanned images
- ♣ the upcoming "millenium"
- ♣ type 2 errors
- ♣ entropy
- ♣ my most recent nightmare: ("Two words," "Hypenated," "Two words," "Hypenated.")
- ♣ the realisation that I spend 60 hours a week at UBC

♣ a wheeled chair

Top Ten Most Hated File Types by Tristan:

- ♣ the GIF, JPEG, BMP and PICT
- ♣ RealAudio
- ♣ the ARJ, HQX and DAT
- ♣ the PRN
- ♣ Freehand
- ♣ the clipping file
- ♣ the XML, the PNG (irrational fear)
- ♣ the WRI
- ♣ the fucking TTF
- ♣ the PDF

Rob's Top Ten reasons to get the heck outta Dodge... er, Vancouver

- ♣ I now have waterproof shoes.
- ♣ My grandma sent me christmas money, so I can buy comics again.
- ♣ I got a talking Arthur doll who will ease my troubles on those lonely winter days.
- ♣ My little brother's put off the wedding... for a while
- ♣ I am learning to sleep through the night without waking up when people pee.
- ♣ I got to play OINGO BOINGO's "Wild Sex In the Working Class" at a BZZR Garden (16 Candles is the best movie ever!)

Production night essentials by Barbara

- ♣ Bananas
- ♣ Rasta hat, dorky winter coat
- ♣ Forgetting where I put the fax sheet
- ♣ Crying fit on the hallway floor
- ♣ Printer malfunction(s)
- ♣ Stupid layout ideas (see pp.32-33)
- ♣ Vow to obliterate memory of night with some sort of debauched activity
- ♣ "Sailors Board Me Now" by THE FROGS
- ♣ Intense resentment of fellow volunteers
- ♣ The realisation that not one but two ads were accidentally placed twice on the dummy and no one noticed until today



On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9FM

SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
12:00-3:00PM Reggae in all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
3:00-5:00PM Real cowshit caught-in-yer-boots country.
LIPGLOSS & CIGARETTES
alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.
SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). '60s sound-tracks and lounge. Book your

jet set holiday now!
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM
GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the 1990s, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and

also Quawwalis, etc.
THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl! With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:30-2:00AM Hip-hop and R&B with DJ Klutch, techno and house with DJ Dexter. Lata great tracks—come smell what we're cookin'! Stay up late and listen.
VIBE 2:00-6:30AM

MONDAYS
BLUEGRASS FOR BREAKFAST 6:30-8:00AM Join your hosts Master T Rudolph and Joe McLeod of the clan

McLeod for a skillet-tickin' good olde time. The best in bluegrass and down-home groove.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delighted Tune-in and enjoy each weakly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

POP SCENE alt. 11:00-1:00PM
SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sons Celine Dion.

A WALKABOUT THE WORLD 3:00-4:00PM
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond

the grave.
BIRDWATCHERS 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department for their eyes on the birds.

POLYFILLER alt. 6:00-7:30PM
AUDIO VISUAL alt. 6:00-7:30PM Critical theory, debate and dialogue on art and culture, set to a soundtrack of breakfast, worldbeat and other eclectic sounds.

PIRATE RADIO alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.
BABYLON AFTER SUPPER alt. 7:30-9:00PM

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sweet Gavin Walker. Features of 11.
Dec. 13: One of the first attempts to fuse "classical" and "jazz" was a success... our feature tonight "The Modern Jazz Society" with soloists Stan Getz and Lucky Thompson and J.J. Johnson.
Dec. 20: Another set by Lionel

Hampton (vibes) with Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown and Buddy Rich... giants at play.
Dec. 27: Ending the century with the famous "Jazz at Masset Hall" with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus and Max Roach... more giants at play.

Jan. 3: "Milestones" by Miles Davis with John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. An album that drummer Tony Williams called "the greatest Jazz record."

Jan. 10: Multi-instrumentalist Yusuf Lateef in a fine club recording with trumpeter Richard Williams and pianist Mike Nock "Live at Pep's."

Jan. 17: No show tonight.
Jan. 24: Trumpeter Richard "Blue" Mitchell in a fine quartet with pianist Wynton Kelly... "Blue's Moods."

Jan. 31: Charles Mingus with "Cumbia and Jazz Fusion"... one of the great bassist/composer's finest late period recordings.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	reggae linkup	UBI SUBURBAN FOR BREAKFAST	MORNING SPORTS SHOW	BBC	first floor sound system	shadow at dawn	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE	against all odds			8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD MEAT	Fool's Paradise	REEL MUSIC	CAUTION IN THE RED	The SATURDAY EDGE	9
10	arc.you serious? music		THREE TIMES THE CLASH	Spikes Musical Pins and Needles	STAND AND BE CUNTED	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		BLUE MONDAY/pop scene	Tragic Animal Stories	the ether table	CANADIAN LUNCH			11
12PM	Rockers Show	SOUPE DU JOUR	The single show	the shake	STEVE&MIKE	THE SE FIRE THE FRIENDS	SARAGAMA	12PM
1			FLIP OUT THE BUES	DJ in a coma	ONOMATOPOEIA	little twin stars	POWERCHORD	1
2	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	HIPS TITS LIPS POWER	ROTHSCHILD	RHYME SYCCESSION	BLACK NOIZ	LUCKY SCRATCH	2
3		EVIL VS. GOOD						3
4	Lipgloss & Cigarettes / Saint Tropez		10,000 VOICES RADIO ACTIVE	RACHE'S SONG	CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH NEEDS TO REAL	NOIZE & ARTS	History	4
5								5
6	Queer FM	POLYFILLER/AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	roche's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7				AND SOMETIMES WHY/ BY THE WAY	ON AIR WITH BRIANNE HALL	/AFRICAN RHYTHMS	emoptic sandwich	7
8	HELLO INDIA	give aye radio/ bollywood after supper	RADIO ELLINKATHIKO	YOLB OASTS	Live From... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homeboos		8
9	GEETANJALI		LA BOMBA	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLENDALE			SOUL TREE/ pipe dreams	9
10		THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP/ WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL		HIGHBRED VOICES/ RADIO SATYRICON			10
11	THE SHOW			HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		SHITMIX		11
12AM	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	first floor sound system	plutonian nights	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	THOU TURN/ CARBON	12AM
1								1
2	vibe	psychodelic anarques	HUST CONIST POPPIN				REOGAE LINKUP	2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES
 3:00-6:00AM

TUESDAYS
THE MORNING SPORTS SHOW 6:00-9:00AM
WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trashrock, sleazy surf and pulsatin' punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when Kung Fu is used for evil with drunken fist Bryce. Kill-ya!!
TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES 11:30AM-1:00PM
THE BUSH SHOW 1:00-2:00PM Poetry, piano and pretension.
BELT OUT THE BLUES 2:00-3:30PM Music for families and little people.
HIPS ITS LIPS POWER 3:30-5:00PM Featuring that Feminist Collective from CTR.
10,000 VOICES 5:00-5:30PM Poetry, spoken word, etc.
RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Activism, issues and fucking up the corporate powers that be.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

RADIO ELINIKITHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
LA BOMBA 9:00-10:00PM
WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM I'm currently on hiatus and will be back December 28th. See you then.
clowden@hotmail.com
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM
WEST COAST POPPIN' 3:00-6:00AM 100% west coast rap. Huge giveaways, hosted by your host like no other Showdown Powers.
WEDNESDAYS
SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.
ELECTRIC AVENUES 10:00-11:00AM Once a month, the folks from Avenues spin their favourite tunes.
SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.
THE ETHER TABLE 12:00-1:00PM
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM
DJ IN A COMA 2:00-3:00PM
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, sushi ... these are a few of our love-oh-writ things.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM
FOK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy/worldbeat/bluegrass/poika-alt.country/cajun-conjunto show that dares call itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.
STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungali "Chokkh de phutay."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS
AGAINST ALL ODDS 6:30-8:30AM
REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.
STAND AND BE CUNTED 10:00-11:30AM
CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tohno to Gander, Balfin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!
STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby! (hardcore).
ONOMATOPOEIA 2:00-3:00PM Comix comic comix oh yeah and some music with Robin.
RYHMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM
REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9 Live bandz from 10-11.
HIGHBRED VOICES alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM
RADIO SATYRICON alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM Trip Jazz, "Sounds Ominous" - W.S. Burroughs
PLUTONIUM NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM

FRIDAYS
SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.
SKA-T'S SCENEK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail your requests to Djska_T@hotmail.com.
THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shock bring you a

flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-lain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats. Versatile at any style.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good lunch! Back on the air once again!
BLACK NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.
HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Nooze, techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.
SHITMIX alt. 12:00-3:00AM

SATURDAYS
THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio gasts, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
 8:00AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performance.
SAREGAMA 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities.
CRASHED RATTLEHEAD and Metal Ron do the damage.
LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta downslide to urban hard horns, blues tunesters and crooners in the blue degree. Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the rift degree.
PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM
TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM
BARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "hois terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needle on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. —Guy Smiley
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Celebrate Art's Birthday with 24 Hours of Radio Art

BY ANNA FRIZ

January 17 is art's birthday. You know art, it's always hanging around in galleries, parading across stages, and showing up on street corners. According to French artist Robert Filliou, art was born over a million years ago when someone dropped a sponge in a bucket of water. He decided art needed a good party, so he declared January 17 art's birthday and called for it to be an international holiday of feasting and celebration and making presents for art. Eventually, there could be two days of international celebration, then three, four and so on until a million years from now, every day is art's birthday.

This year marks the 1,000,038th birthday of art. In celebration, CTR has teamed up with the Western Front to celebrate art's birthday in style, with 24 Hours of Radio Art.

"Radio art?" you wonder. And just what might that dubious category include? The soothing sounds of white noise and feedback loops? Someone gargling for half an hour?

It has been done and may be done again. But radio art is not merely an onanistic exercise designed to alienate listeners. It is a distinct artform that is fluid and immediate; you get one chance to hear it with no possibility to rewind. Radio art has no physicality, it happens in the space of the imagination: "I hear voices, but there's nobody there." And in that space, all sounds are possible.

Most radio art operates less like theatre and more like cinema: a montage of sounds collaged and layered together. Sounds fade in and out, then cut suddenly to a new theme. But there might also be plays, readings, ambient mutterings, and blatant messages. Whole geographies of sound may come to life, or life may be reduced to minimalist tinklings. A performer might go loud, live and vicious on the mic, or they might sidle up to your ear and talk sweet. Radio by design and radio by chance. Non-sequiturs abound.

We are assaulted by sound every day — from the humming of your fridge to insidious muzak — so everything is raw material. But what makes this different is that audio art will not try to sell you anything. Radio art is free and public.

So when you tune in to CTR 101.9 FM on Monday, January 17, 2000, you will hear a host of local and international artists surfing the radio waves for 24 hours. Jam sessions will use Internet audio-streaming feeds. We'll use the sounds around the globe. It's a day to return your ears and listen up while you're making your own present for art.

Happy 1,000,038th birthday, art!

CiTR

101.9 fm



SCRATCH + CHRISTMAS = A TASTY DATE

'tis the season for our giant

BOXING WEEK SALE

DECEMBER 26th to
DECEMBER 31st

EVERYTHING

will be

20 to 50% off!

other items further discounted well below cost



1999, you've been a sweet lady!



FRENCH PADDLEBOAT

Conversions In Metric CD
Scratch # 30

Hey, don't trust our word for it: "Hi, I'm the RPM director at WTUL in New Orleans and I just finished listening to the new French Paddleboat record and I absolutely adore it. Keep up the good work. It is so melodic and pretty, yet dynamic, like Oval meets Mogwai. It's great. Thank you. I love discovering new stuff that is excellent." - Peggy G Wang, Music Director WTUL



D. MOEBIUS

Blotch CD
Scratch # 32

Moebius, Founder of Kluster/Cluster. One of the fathers of Kraut space rock. His name said in the same breath as Can, Tangerine Dream, Neu, Faust, and company. Moebius has always been more interested in straight forward motor or handmade rhythms and the use of electronic, eccentric and unpredictable machine noises. We are proud to release his second ever solo album.



JUNGLE

Long Time, No See CD
Scratch # 34

Finally, a band for the people. Equally spirited and infectious glam-pop/anthem rock for all ages; Jungle's debut full length will restore your faith in the power of rock music. Proud and poised, unshamed and glowing: there is a joy here that is hard to deny. Dig the cowbell! Recorded by Keith Stein (Loveboy!) and Dave Ogilvie (Skinny Puppy!). Sent from above? Outer space or the heavens?

MURDER CITY DEVILS

Empty Bottles Broken Hearts LP/CD
Scratch # 31

Lowdown, drunk, and dirty tattooed kick ass flattening punk rock from Seattle's finest. Think Johnny Thunders, the Dead Boys, New York Dolls, Iggy & the Stooges...attitude and energy served with a swagger you haven't seen, heard, or felt in years.



BUGSKULL

Distracted Snowflake Volume II CD
Scratch # 29

Fifth and easily most exploratory album from Portland's incendiary Bugskull. Tape loops and odd instrumentation from the exalted Portland bedroom of Sean Byrne. Sometimes intellectual, sometimes informed by abrasive and dissonant experimentalism; Bugskull's music is always masterfully orchestrated and infused with a unique and mysterious enthusiasm.



LONNIE JAMES

DEE-O CD
Scratch # 33

Venerable former SuperFriend sings and writes great, heartfelt songs. Warm, focused, and passionate rock music. Impressive all star backing from talented folks from Change of Heart, By Divine Right, and Blue Rodeo. The bar for Canadian rock has just been raised. A co-operative release with Teenage USA.



STOCKING STUFFER CORNER!

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SIVE STYLE-Miniature Portraits CD

ARSONISTS-As The World Burns 2LP/CD
(instrumental 2LP and 12"ers too)

BANE-It All Comes Down To This LP/CD

BOB POLLARD w/ DOUG GILLARD
-Speak Kindly LP/CD

BOTCH-We Are The Romans LP/CD

BURZUM-all CDs and picture disc 5LP Box
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

-Something About Airplanes CD

DJ SPOOKY-Subliminal Minded LP/CD
DO MAKE SAY THINK-Besides LP
FRENCH PADDLEBOAT

-Conversions In Metric CD

HELLACOPIERS/GLUECIFIER
-Respect The Rock USA CD

HOOKERS

-Black Visions of Crimson Wisdom LP/CD

JIM O'ROURKE-Halfway To A Threeway LP/CD
JOE "SHITHEAD" KEITHLEY-Beat Trash CD
KIDS OF WIDNEY HIGH-Let's Get Busy CD
LE TIGRE-self titled LP/CD

(Kathleen of Bikini Kill)

LOW-Christmas Ltd Edition CD
MAGNETIC FIELDS-69 Love Songs 3CD Box
MAKE UP-Save Yourself LP/CD

MOGWAI-Mogwai EP CD

MONKS-Five Upstart Americans CD
OL' DIRTY BASTARD-Nigga Please 2LP
Q-TIP-Amplified LP

QUANNUM-Spectrum 2LP/CD

(UK Instrumental LP also in stock)

RADIO BERLIN-Sibling CD

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

-Battle Of Los Angeles LP

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT-Cut and Play 12"
SAVES THE DAY

-Through Being Cool LP/CD

SOLVENT-Solvently One Listens CD
SONIC YOUTH-Goodbye 20th Century 2LP/2CD
SSAB-Songs CD

(Kids, Gummo director Harmony Korine)

TRISTEZA-In Sound Tour Support Series # 1 CD
TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND

SYSTEM-Dub Plates Vol. II LP

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-Ambush Records Comp 2LP/CD
V/A-WARP 10 + 1, 10 + 2, 10 + 3 4LP and 2CD sets

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STORES: Get in touch. EMAIL ORDER: commerce@scratchrecords.com

726 is on the east side of Richards Street, between Robson and Georgia.

CiTR Charts

WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM



HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "Jancomber" charts reflect airplay over November). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts" •

jancomber long vinyl

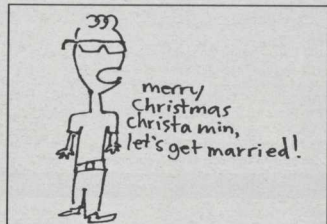
- | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1 stereolab | cobra and phases... | electro |
| 2 veda hille | you do not live... | independent |
| 3 archer prewitt | white sky | carrot top |
| 4 make up | save yourself | k |
| 5 veal | tilt o'whirl | square dog |
| 6 selina martin | space woman | selma |
| 7 sianpheric | else | sonic unyon |
| 8 les savy fav | cat and the cobra | frenchkiss |
| 9 bud osborn | hundred black rock | get to the point |
| 10 randelles | the fox | teenbeat |
| 11 adri | adriit | mineral |
| 12 flin flon | boo-boo | teenbeat |
| 13 luna | the days of our nights | jericho |
| 14 various artists | the new women's... | mr lady |
| 15 partsunknown | airshow | dot-dash |
| 16 free michelle gun elephant | rumble | ninja tune |
| 17 jerk with a bomb | death to false metal | seven segment |
| 18 taxmaker | distort early warning | aesthetics |
| 19 various artists | projector | yoyo |
| 20 dj vadim | u.s.s.r.: life from... | shrinner |
| 21 refrigerator | glitter jazz | matador |
| 22 solex | pick up | revelation |
| 23 by a thread | last of the daydreams | mr lady |
| 24 butchies | population 1975 | astralwerks |
| 25 air | premiers symptoms | makoto |
| 26 triteza | spine and sensory | deluxe |
| 27 matmos | the west | sub pop |
| 28 supersuckers | greatest rock 'n' roll... | ems |
| 29 master faders | identity crisis | carved out |
| 30 moev | suffer | sweet chin |
| 31 various artists | all points in | constellation |
| 32 fly pan am | s/i | scratch |
| 33 jungle | long time no see | independent |
| 34 clover honey | ...clover honey | mr lady |
| 35 le tigre | s/i | |

jancomber short vinyl

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 all girl summer fun band | s/i | magic marker |
| 2 tentacles | the touch | k |
| 3 destroyer | the temple | endearing |
| 4 spiffites | slick black cat | junk |
| 5 kamikazes | allnight cram session | zaxxon vinyl action |
| 6 dj a-trak | enter ralph wiggum | stones' throw |
| 7 magnetic fields | i don't believe you | merge |
| 8 dump/lambchop | split | third gear |
| 9 huevos rancheros | wild turkey surprise! | mint |
| 10 tricky woo | ten tons | bittersweet |
| 11 wontons | extra spicy! | peek-a-boo |
| 12 geoff farina | steely dan | southern |
| 13 going stagg | sink and dream | kitridge |
| 14 smash up derby | blow all the hell! | zaxxon vinyl action |
| 15 bangs | maggie the cat | ten-in-one |
| 16 north of america | bayonet point | montesano |
| 17 kaio/sarah daughter | split | mr lady |
| 18 pedro the lion | helicopter | homemade |
| 19 various artists | bumping up and down | i'll red wagon |
| 20 readymade | the black alone | endearing |

jancomber indie home jobs

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 1 coupon | in their sleep |
| 2 spacerock2000 | butuster |
| 3 thewoks | dad, the emperor and me |
| 4 radio berlin | distance |
| 5 hot hot heat | tourist in your own town |
| 6 full sketch | soundtrack |
| 7 noxema girls | hollywood colling |
| 8 team strike force | bomb at the party |
| 9 riff ranelles | sweet sixteen |
| 10 the radio | crystal blue |
| 11 swank o'hara | no one has a clue but you |
| 12 dreamy angel | laudromate queen (never out of style) |
| 13 mark | don't make me sorry |
| 14 tiefisher | there'll be other rainy days |
| 15 david laster | the light changed before i could blink |
| 16 the yachtmen | catch that summer breeze |
| 17 boy vs. girl | smiling memories |
| 18 maurice pooby | green sheep |
| 19 i'll red wagon | to mere |
| 20 evan symons | the mirror |



Good Tasty Comic

<jdasilva@hotmail.com

by Jason Da Silva



Jason Da Silva 79

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN JANCEMBER

DECEMBER

FRI 10 Northern Lights Extravaganza (feat. Rich Hope Band, Brundley, Solorbaby, Waltz Darling)@Anza Club; Me'shell Ndegeocello@Commodore; Chameleon Christmas Schmooze@Chameleon; Under the Table, Howard Roark, Otaku@Sugar Refinery; And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead, Closed Caption Radio, Karen Foster@Brickyard; HP Lovecraft Film Festival@Blinding Light

SAT 11 Evil Eddie Richards@Sonar; Alpha Yaya Diallo, Los Moscos@Commodore; Ivana Santilli@Chameleon; Big White Cloud, Full Sketch, Automovement@Ms.T's Cobaret; Peggy Lee Band@Western Front; Naughty By Nature@Alpen Rock (Whitlock); Ideal Mini School Winter Bazaar@Ideal Mini School; Diversions@Sugar Refinery; Carrels, Belvedere, Downway, Victorian Park@Brickyard; HP Lovecraft Film Festival@Blinding Light

SUN 12 Martin Sexton@Starfish; Dale Richards Orchestra@Commodore; Ivana Santilli@Chameleon; DJ Phantasy@Sonar; HQ Communications@Sugar Refinery; Klaus Kinski Marathon@Blinding Light

TUE 14 Disco Night@Commodore; Millennium Project@Sugar Refinery; Air Cries, Empty Water@Blinding Light

WED 15 The Secret Three@Sugar Refinery; **CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG FINALS: Bel Riosse, The Radio, The Moneters@Starfish;** New Wave-Aoke Christmas Party@Brickyard; Air Cries, Empty Water@Blinding Light

THU 16 a space Entertainment show (feat. Terry Brennan, Locos Bravo, SPIKE)@Marine Club; Map Music Showcase (feat. Cooldown, Pilgrims of the Mind)@Commodore; the last BYOB of the Millennium@Blinding Light; Mortal Engine@Sugar Refinery; the Deadcoats, Ralph, Transvestimentals@Starfish; Bad Taste Art Show@Brickyard

FRI 17 Bad Halos, Flash Bastard, Spiifires@Commodore; Kate Hammett-Vaughan Quintet@Western Front; Todd Verow's Addiction Trilogy@Blinding Light; Broken Record Chamber@Sugar Refinery; Hank Williams Testimonial@Starfish; Midge, Threat from Outer Space, Honeysuckle Serentina@Brickyard

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE IS JANUARY 19!

SAT 18 Veloce@Chameleon; Colourfixis@Marine Club; d.b.s., By A Thread, September, Burden@Langley Civic Centre; Not So Strictly Ballroom's Christmas Dance Party@Let's Dance Studio; Todd Verow's Addiction Trilogy@Blinding Light; Kyrstan Trio@Sugar Refinery; DSK, the Orientals, the Riff-Randall@Brickyard

SUN 19 Jingle Bell Rock (feat. UHF, Vally, Kenny Hess, Tiller's Folly, etc.)@Commodore; A Miracle on Homer Street@Starfish Room; Soul Christmas '99@10th Avenue Church; Todd Verow's Addiction Trilogy@Blinding Light

MON 20 13th Annual Blues for Christmas (feat. Jim Byrnes, Incognito, Powder Blues, Habs Slamer, F-Jam, etc.)@Commodore; F.W.U.I.H. 5 Year Anniversary (feat. Swollen Members, Moka Only, etc.)@Sonar; Soul Duck@Sugar Refinery

WED 22 Dixies Death Experiment@Sugar Refinery

THU 23 Vague Demons@Sugar Refinery; Dick and Jane, the Velvetens, Solorbaby@Brickyard

FRI 24 Under the Table@Sugar Refinery

SUN 26 Rascolz@Commodore

WED 29 Daylight II@Sugar Refinery; the Hill@Brickyard

FRI 31 New Year's Eve Debauchery Ball@Chameleon; Earthshakers Rhythm & Blues Big Band@Marine Club; Ray Condo, Colourfix, Inspectors, Spin Master Todd Tomorrow@Waldorf Hotel; John Ford, Andre Williams, Countdowns, Miss Kitty@Penthouse

CITR PRESENTS: THE CARIBBEAN MILLENNIUM CELEBRATION@Hilton Hotel Metrolaton; the Daylo Abortions, Darkest of the Hillside Thickets@Brickyard

JANUARY

SUN 2 Heavy Metal Sunday@Brickyard

FRI 7 Jazzberry Ram@Starfish

TUE 11 Derrick Beckle's TV Carnage@Blinding Light

WED 12 Derrick Beckle's TV Carnage@Blinding Light

THU 13 Seom, Stillwork@Starfish; The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari with Eye of New Collective@Blinding Light

FRI 14 MP3 Concert (feat. Big Cookie, Cozy Bones)@Starfish; Craig Baldwin's Spectres of the Spectrum@Blinding Light

SAT 15 Craig Baldwin's Spectres of the Spectrum@Blinding Light

SUN 16 Megadeth@Commodore; 1 Double@Sonar; Craig Baldwin's Spectres of the Spectrum@Blinding Light

TUE 18 Craig Baldwin's Sonic Outlaws@Blinding Light

WED 19 Craig Baldwin's Sonic Outlaws@Blinding Light

THU 20 Rhastatics, Vea@Commodore; BYOB@Blinding Light

FRI 21 Pundcrun, Brand New Unit@Starfish

WED 26 Mark Farina: San Francisco Sessions@Sonar

FANCY

EVENTS

YAY IDEAL

IDEAL MINI SCHOOL'S ANNUAL WINTER BAZAAR IS HAPPENING ON SATURDAY DECEMBER 10TH AT 855 W.59TH AVENUE. GO OR JUIE AND I WILL KICK YOUR ASS.

PROCRUSTAFARIAN RECORDS

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RAPE RELIEF BENEFIT

D.B.S., BY A THREAD, SEPTEMBER AND BURDEN PLAY A BENEFIT FOR VANCOUVER RAPE RELIEF AT THE LANGLEY CIVIC CENTRE ON DECEMBER 18TH. DOORS ARE AT 7:30.

AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE TO BAD TASTE

THE BRICKYARD'S GONNA HAVE SHITLOADS O' TACKY ART ON DISPLAY FROM DECEMBER 16TH-JANUARY 13TH. MANY A LOCAL ARTIST WILL BE SHOWING HIS/HER PERSONAL TAKE ON THE APPALLINGLY BAD. CALL VICKY M. AT 875.6702 FOR MORE INFORMATION.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Airs Hotline 684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St. 254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7374
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie 873 5958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald) 732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St. 878 3636
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie) 893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St. 685 3978
Café Deux Soles 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1915
Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebritys 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard) 689 3810
Coff Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (downtown) 689 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC) 689 0806
CITR Radio 101-PM 234338 SUB Blvd. (UBC) 622-3017
Club Versus 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 688 8701
CN Innox Theatre 999 Canada Place 682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 681 1531
CNB Cafe and Snow 3712 Robson St. 682 5345
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 5637
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th) 879 0154
Crownstone Music 518 W. Pender St. 683 8774
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 683 2201
Dr. Sun-Yan Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St. 662 3027
DVB 515 Davie St. (downtown) 682 4389
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th) 734 7466
Firewalk Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
F.W.U.H. Beauty 552 Beauty St. (downtown) 687 7464

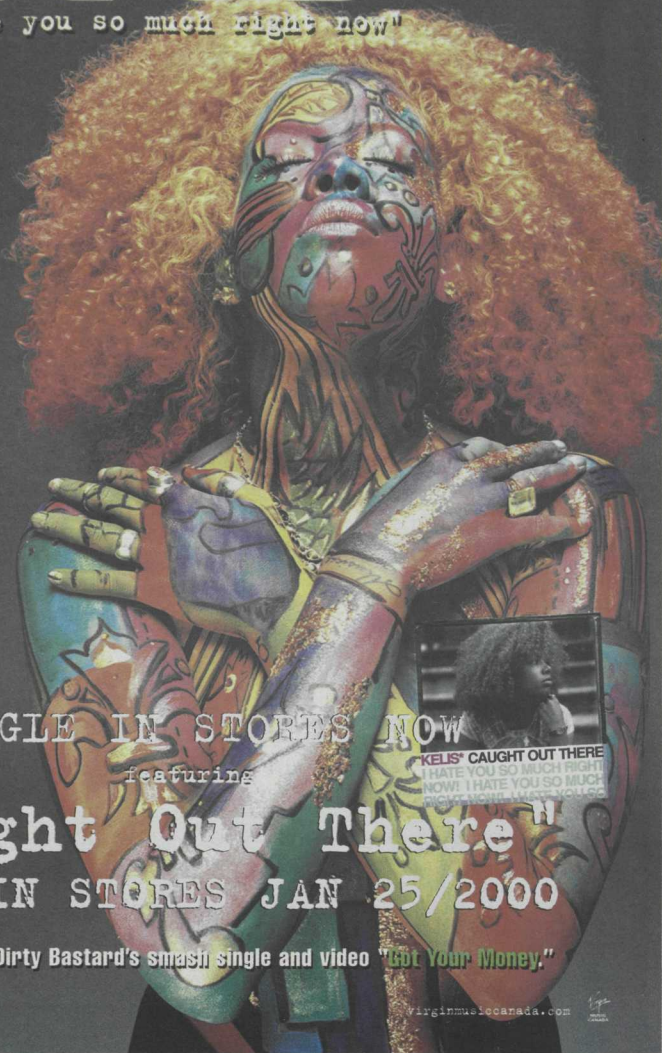
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 622 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 872 9364
The Good Jacker 225 E. Broadway (at Main) 872 5665
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Hush Records 221 Abbott St. 622 4077
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St.) 606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777
Luv-A-Fat 1275 Seymour St. (downtown) 685 3288
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway 684 7757
Minor Pavillion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 683 6099
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown) 689 3810
Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 738 1959
Nepton Records 3750 Fraser St. 622 1229
Orpheum Theatre 5mithe & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinématheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 665 3050
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Puff/Beatstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.) 708 9804
Puff 14-712 Robson (at Granville) 684 9447
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown) 602 9422
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 673 1593
The Roke 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625

Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794
Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2712 Robson St. (upstairs) 738-7734
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311
Scraps Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main) 877 1674
Scratch Records 726 Richards St. 687 0499
Seylann Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 291 6864
Shadblow Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 876 9233
Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915
Thunderbird Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 988 2473
Tribeca 536 Seymour 688 8385
Tru Valu Vintage Robson (downstairs) 685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venable (at Victoria) 254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235
Vier/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vinyl Rekids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville St.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 876 9343
Wet Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1900 Granville (downtown) 681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3232

KALEIDOSCOPE

KELIS

"i hate you so much right now"



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featuring

"Caught Out There"

ALBUM IN STORES JAN 25/2000

Catch Kelis in Old Dirty Bastard's smash single and video "Get Your Money."



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SONIC YOUTH SYRA 2CD/2LP

The volume in the "STR" series sees the quintessential American indie-rock outfit interpreting a collection of works by contemporary composers including John Cage, Pauline Oliveros, Steve Reich, Takahisa Koseki, Christina Wolff, Yoko Ono and others. Recorded with Jim O'Rourke, William Wixiat, Knog, Wolff and Christina Maraday. Enriched with their millennial past, this sonically impressive package sets the tone for the next era of music evolution. Happy New Year! Every-one! **SONIC YOUTH**

2CD/2LP 26.98

Various Artists GIVE 'EM THE BOOT 2 CD

The second chapeo sampler from Helix Records contains 21 rock-steady, punk, hardcore and reggae songs from Helix's latest bands, including several tracks from *Rascal*, *Mogwai* and *Jon Strummer* as well as songs by the *Drunkfunk* Murphies. The *Plantsayers*, *Sale*, *Barton*, *Baccanore* and *whore!* Give 'em the Boot. See the *Songbook*, what!

CD 7.98

ANIMALS ON WHEELS Nuvo! I Cadira CD

Smoothed over stuff that owed much more to such back-brothers as *Maluma*, than to any other American artist. Really, it's unfair to describe this record as either so-called electronica or so-called post-rock, since from both sides of this tactical equation is clear. If the point must be made, this record proves once more how close this particular circle is to being squared. A few words.

CD 16.98

Various Artists KINDERCORE CHRISTMAS 2 CD

Combining the efficient flair of *Boyz* with the free-wheeling 90s West Coast post-punk designers, *Kindercore* Records are the authoritative sound of the baroque new school. Music is magic, and Christmas is the magic season. Six on 24 brand-new contributions including: *Richard Dinkov*, *Of Montreal*, *Vermont*, *Drussy Bessy*, *Six Cities And Nulanda*, *The Ladybug Transistor*, *Kissable*, *The Essex Green*, *Masters Of The Hemisphere*, *Beastly*, *Ciao Bella*, *Jesus Varsity*, *The Gowns*, *The Mendoza Line*, for the *Wishful* seasonal sing-a-long!

CD 16.98

EXTENDED HOURS THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON

DECEMBER 16-23 OPEN 'TIL 9:00PM
DECEMBER 24 9:30AM-6:00PM
DECEMBER 25 CLOSED
DECEMBER 26 9:00AM
(BOXING DAY) -6:00PM

THE ALBUM LEAF An Orchestrated Rise to Fall CD

Leafy, advanced all instrumental work from *Leafy* will go, *Jimmy LaVelle*. This record is truly going along with the most recent concept guitar (plus piano) enthusiasts, *Godspeed*, *Mogwai*, *Papa M*, and, well, *Distrito 10*. As with these contemporaries, and after *Leafy*'s main priority is mood, mood and more mood, a little atmosphere. But this isn't just for deep-sleepers; the pace occasionally picks up, drawing nice dynamics out of an economy of means. Good music for a time when things are long.

CD 16.98

BOTCH We are the Romans CD

If the *Rock* Magazine is a true cultural indicator of the '90s noise' within today's music circles, then these Seattle punk/progressive-core boys are definitely on the cusp of underground greatness! Spoken about in the same breath as last year's new rock deconstructionists, *The Refused*, *BOTCH* employ monstrous and crushing guitars with equally battle street walking cheat-bass. Mix in some blissful electronics (to move the love) and *We are the Romans* seems destined to conquer!

CD 16.98

JIM O'ROURKE Halfway to a Threeway CD-EP

The cast is gathered: *Arthur*, *Gray*, *Bob Mazarak* continued in the finest barbers, neatly sewn... perhaps even seamless. He's called featured music: *JIM O'ROURKE*, tips his conductor's baton in a short crisp wave — it sounds like this... too big too — and chirpy the musicians begin their gymnastic shuffling of sounds, somewhat akin to a ball of thread bouncing off-covered down the busy Chicago streets. The guitars and layered with robe stuffed animals. It rains there will be a flood. Stop by for a listen.

CD-EP 14.98

NEW RELEASES:

THE NEW 1-2 In Case of Emergency CD Calgary's garage sound.
PLEX The Elephant CD Post-rock mixed with rock.
ATVING Searching The Approach CD-EP Very nice dynamic. Slimy stuff.

TANK Upgrade to 66" CD The new sound of the London indie underground, drives.
ROTHKO Truth Bares CD-EP Dark Bats riffs features members of Fridge.
BLACK HEART PROCESSION '91 CD Oh finally here, their debut.
DIAMETER HALOS Revolt into Style CD Leather. Plenty of leather.

Various SOMBERNO CD Sixties Records latest Spanish pop comp. *Merry*.
BABY MAMMOTH Motus without Pale CD Dark down-beats on this Post-Rock duo.
BLACK Back to Black CD New songs from this post-Gub outfit.

FLINKSTORING Post Art CD New songs. Their full length is great. The future of dance.
CORSA VERDE Nightlife CD Motu baby baby.
LITONOS Sequenced Twisted '12" Mouse on Mars, micro-tuned techno.
NONALAKE Fragile State '12" tracks of sparse, distant, heated techno.

IMMERSE Evil Ours & Zeros CD Fat Cat's new hanger.
LIGHTNING NEEDS TIR CD Swamp sounds from this pop programmer.

KID LOCO DJD KICKS CD/2LP

Kid Loco, smoked-out master of psychedelic high-pot, presents a home version of one of his live DJ sets. He crafts a mix of the material he draws on for live performances but focuses on the radio of the home listener. A combination of bad beats, dramatic sounds and a happy, psychedelic feel, this is an album to help melt away (or dry out) the rest of the winter season.

CD/2LP 19.98

DO SAY MAKE THINK BESIDES 12"

He released a stunning debut on *Constellation Records*, Toronto's **DO SAY MAKE THINK** certainly do know how to light up the night sky. Featuring a heavy mix of ambient space-rock with deep dub bass, this 30-minute track vinyl plays a mandatory listening for anyone interested in re-emerging across the *Altered States* at home. Curl up with the latest issue of *Wire Magazine* and climb into the tank!

12" 12.98

JOE KEITHLEY BEAT TRASH CD

Powered with acoustic, electric and spoken word material, *JOE* makes his solo debut a grab-bag of fun informed by his 20 years of experience in the underground-punk scene. Tipping his hat to the likes of *Lush*, *Woody Guthrie* and the *Wobblies*, *Beat Trash* aims to please, often evoking *Slits*'s humoristic side, includes the punk-rock bedtime story *The Road to Yagotania*, your chance for arm closure and personal look at *Rock* in Europe (c. 1964).

CD 14.98

LE TIGRE "S" CD

This, the latest release from *Katharine Hammett* (aka *KILL*, *Julia Rella*) and friends, is a steady mix of 6-to-8 bpm beats and low-wire guitar. A lively listen, *Katharine*'s latest project can be categorically positioned as a nice juxtaposition of *Batist* KITT's twirling punk repetition with the airy sample poetry of her alter ego *Julia Rella*. *Chirps?* Why not pop off the decade with one of the most forward thinking musicians going.

CD 16.98

Christmas Stock

Whether you're having a soulful Christmas, or putting the retro spin on a lounge holiday, chances are you'll want to check out our varied selection of Yuletide tunes. Punkers need a little rock, while crooners want something smooth, so plan your parties wisely and why not invite some seasonal VJs such as *Bliss*, *Ella*, *Frank*, *Brother T*, or *Mr. Bad* (we just make sure he's by the fire), as well as the *1990s* for parades including *El Viz*, *The Blue Hawaiians*, *The Vandals*, *Love*, and more. Spike the punch in style!

We've recently moved,

so now you'll have "room to move" at Zulu! Check out our new expanded digs, just one block up and across the street from our old address.

PS... At presstime, our plans are to open up a "satellite" Zulu store at our previous 1869 Wist 4th address, by mid-December '98. It'll feature used/new clearance vinyl, CDs, etc... + some more items we come across (after 18 years in one location, things can accumulate!)

How long will we keep it open? At least until Spring arrives, but who knows? There's no fixed time frame! While it's open, we'll be sure to keep it well stocked with our ever-changing selection of titles to rock you!

"Satellite" Store Hours at 1869 Wist 4th:

Monday-Friday 10:30am-7:00pm
Saturday 10:30am-6:00pm
Sunday 12:00pm-6:00pm

STAFF PICKS OF 1999!! A REVIEW OF OUR FAVOURITES THIS YEAR

BONUS: 10% OFF ANY OF THESE TITLES TIL JANUARY 31/2000

BRADY

1. *Love* (Sire) Kemo
2. *Sam Presep* '12"
3. *Julie Rella* and *The Drowned Two* (Black)
4. *Mattias* (The West EP)
5. *Maquette* (Filles) '12" Love songs
6. *Jon O'Rourke* (Sire)
7. *Maquette* of *Maquette* (Sire)
8. *Maquette* (Sire) (Sire)
9. *Maquette* (Sire) (Sire)
10. *Maquette* (Sire) (Sire)

CHRISTINE

1. *SPRING* (A Week Away)
2. *SIDE* (Sire) (Sire)
3. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
4. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
5. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
6. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
7. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
8. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
9. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
10. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)

GRANT M.

1. *SHIRAZ* (Sire) (Sire)
2. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
3. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
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JASON

1. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
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JULIE

1. *SHIRAZ* (Sire) (Sire)
2. *THEY* (Sire) (Sire)
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KEVIN

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MIKO

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SHANERA

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1972 W 4th Ave.
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1M5
tel 738.3232

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-2:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-8:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00